

THE LIVING AGE.

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Reader, if you wish to refresh the mind and the heart of the man who "ministers to you in holy things," present him with mental food once a week, and do not give him *The Living Age* if here be any other work that will do him more good.

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FAITH MILITANT.

DEVOUT and simple-hearted men
Were Christendom's old knightly band,
Whose lion hearts in Holy Land
With Tyrian purple dyed the sand,
In crusade on the Saracen ;

Who, in prolonged Hispanian war,
For heaven all-whiles with supple knees,
Had iron fronts for enemies,
Slow-conquering from the Pyrenees
To the sea-tower of Gíbal-Tar ;

Who rode triumphant in Don John's
War-galleys on Lepanto's swell ;
Or who, in ranks of Charles Martel,
Made havoc of the infidel,
With a great host of crescent moons ;

Or on the New World's virgin soil,
In all that cruel warfare waged,
Hot conquest by no mercy 'suaed,—
Whose lust of gold and glory raged
Most hungering when most gorged with spoil ;

Though deeds were done their daring scope
Romantic not alone could gloss,
Yet, in all fates, in gain or loss,
Their eyes were ever on the Cross,
In singleness of heart and hope.

Castile and Leon, lo ! they yield ;
Stout Cortes flies : Is it indeed
Saint Jago on his snow-white steed,
On their own glowing faith, at need,
Which turns the fortunes of the field ?

What though, unlearned as his horse,
The knight all clerkly skill despised,—
How earth was round in vain surmised,
And at the stake had exorcised
The sorceries of Daguerre and Morse

And Fulton : ye may learn from him,
O men of a mechanic age !
Ye read the sky's illumined page,
And the dark hills ; the ocean gauge,
Whereon your iron castles swim ;

Ye make the sun paint, lightnings speak,
Nor line nor language is occult ;
Miles off ye plant the catapult,
And o'er the battered fort exult ;
And yet, O wise men, ye are weak !

Oh for the old implicit faith
In anything not greatly false !
The analytic brain, which halts
At acquiescence, ne'er exalts
The soul to noble life or death.

Believe : let peace or war betide,
Life is one constant battle-field ;
Put on the Spirit's sword and shield ;
The victor-clarion shall be pealed
When the saints combat by your side !

In God, my bleeding country, trust !
Though sad the consanguineous flow
Where "Greek meets Greek," where every
blow
Strikes at a brother in a foe,—
Let us join battle for the just !

Have faith ! from every patriot's grave,
If thence, in truth, no champions start,
The voices of the past impart
Purpose and prescience to each heart,
Which sees the end, is strong to save !

As plainly the great Genoese,
When Hope lived on through years of night,
The New World saw by inward light,
As when, in morning glory bright,
It blossomed on Bahama's seas.

WILLIAM GIBSON,
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.
Off Charleston, S. C., Feb. 14, 1864.
—United States Service Magazine.

THE EMIGRANTS.

WHEN the elms turn yellow,
Ere the beech grows red ;
When the dahlias blacken
In the garden bed ;
When the skies are grayer,
And the rain-clouds cluster,
Then the gathering swallows
On the belfry muster.

When the dead leaves, golden,
Blow about the lanes,
Rustle o'er the fallows,
Patter on the panes ;
When the sun grows colder,
And the rain-clouds cluster,
Then the gathering swallows
On the belfry muster.

—Chambers's Journal.

From The London Quarterly Review. [Methodist.]

The Life and Times of Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091-1153. By James Cotter Morison, M. A., Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863.

[Concluded from page 211.]

GLANCING over the series of public affairs which make up the history of these twenty years,—the middle of the twelfth century,—there are four main events that are distinctly prominent: The schism in the Papacy which followed on the death of Honorius, and which embroiled the south of Europe in war for eight years; the trial and condemnation of Abelard and Arnold; the suppression of the quasi-Protestant revolts in the south of France; and the preaching of the second Crusade.

The first of these events brings Bernard before us as the champion of the Papacy. Once more Rome had become the arena of those scandalous contests for the vicarship of Christ which were the foulest disgrace of mediæval Christendom. Honorius II. died in 1130, and the turbulent scene which his election had witnessed was re-enacted at his death. Rome was filled by two armies of ferocious partisans; spiritual weapons and carnal were used in blasphemous confusion, and the city ran with blood. Peter Leonis, the wealthy grandson of a Jewish usurer, was the candidate favored by the strongest party in the conclave; but the committee appointed to conduct the election were against him. They proclaimed Innocent II.; Peter, under the style of Anacletus II., flew to arms, besieged St. Peter's, plundered the churches, bought over the most powerful of his enemies, and drove the orthodox pope out of the city. Innocent dropped down the Tiber, landed at Pisa, and committed himself and his cause to the faithful of France and Northern Europe. The ancient and magnificent monastery of Cluny received him in great state—a circumstance of good omen when it is remembered that Anacletus had been a monk of Cluny. But the French bishops were still undecided; and every day the embarrassment occasioned by the rivalry for the supreme vicarship became greater. Ordericus Vitalis groans over it as follows: "In most abbeys two abbots arose; in the bishoprics two prelates contended for the see, of which one adhered to Anacletus and the other favored Innocent. In a schism of this kind one has reason to

fear, and yet a difficulty to escape, being cursed; for each pope attacks his adversary with all his might, and anathematizes him and his partisans most fatally. Thus each, being prevented from accomplishing his purpose, seeks by his imprecations to enlist God on his side against his rival." Under this war of anathemas no land could long exist; no time was to be lost; and King Louis summoned a council to meet at Etampes to discuss the Papal election. Bernard was invited to attend with the bishops, to whom the question was committed. He set out in fear and trembling, but was cheered by visions and dreams on the road; and to his amazement found that the council had unanimously agreed, that a "business which concerned God should be intrusted to the man of God," and that his own poor judgment was to decide the assembly. This was the proudest moment of Bernard's life: in his hands rested the determination of the French Church, and that would be equivalent to turning the scale. He prayerfully examined the whole question of the double election; and, finding an almost equal informality in both, the superior moral qualities of Innocent decided him. Bernard pronounced Innocent the legitimate pope: his voice was received as the Holy Ghost, and the council broke up with acclamations and thanksgivings.

Having once engaged his whole soul in the matter, Bernard's characteristic energy prompted him to take desperate measures to insure the success of his protégé. He went straight and alone to Normandy, where he found Henry I., and the flower of the English clergy and chivalry. His coming was opportune. The monk soon convinced the king, who was all but committed to the cause of Anacletus. "Are you afraid," said Bernard, "of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent? Bethink you how to answer to God for your *other* sins; that one I will take and account for." Like Louis before him, Henry now did homage. There only remained the German Emperor Lothair; and Innocent, with a full accompaniment of cardinals, but in all things guided by Bernard, went to Liège to meet him. The German Emperor had already made up his mind to admit the claims of Innocent, but thought it a good opportunity to renew the question of Investitures, and extort the concession which the emperors had always coveted, as the

price of his allegiance. The emperor, followed by a brilliant retinue of bishops and nobles, met Innocent in the high street of Liège, alighted from his steed, made his way through the crowd to the horse of the pope, and then, taking its bridle in one hand, while with the other he held aloft his staff as Defender of the Faith, he led Innocent into the cathedral. All was well so far; but when the matter of the Investiture came up, the Italians were terrified. The king grew excited; the question was one that had never failed to be a firebrand to the relations between the emperor and the popes; and all Innocent's friends began to dread an ignominious issue. Bernard once more proved his ascendancy: he silenced the emperor by a firm maintenance of the pope's cause, and Lothair, like Louis and Henry, devoted himself in the most solemn manner to the cause of Innocent. The new pope, having thus secured the greater part of the powers of Europe, paid a series of visits to the leading convents and churches. Clairvaux was not forgotten. The simplicity of the monks who came out to meet the pontiff with a simple cross, the poverty and meanness of the monastery, the scantiness of the fare, contrasting in all respects with what the Romans had seen elsewhere in France,—are said to have produced a profound sensation.

Bernard, however, could not be left behind. He had made himself too important to Innocent. During the next eight years he may be said to have known no rest; for so long was it before the pope was safely installed in Rome. The greater part of that time Bernard was the privy-councillor of Innocent. He accompanied him to the Council of Rheims in 1139, and took a leading part in the framing of its canons. Thence they visited Cluny, where the pope granted to Bernard and his Cistercians immunities which tried the venerable Peter's meekness and friendship for Bernard to the utmost. The monks of Cluny had received tithes from the Cistercians. The only temporal recompense Bernard received was this exemption, which, though vehemently protested against by the Clunians, was at last patiently submitted to. Thence they proceeded into Italy. Bernard rendered Innocent most active assistance by letters written in great numbers to all kinds of persons, from the King of England downward. When Innocent once more

entered Rome, and hurled from one side of the Tiber his interdicts against his rival on the other, Bernard was there rousing his courage. When Innocent, again driven from Rome, retired to Pisa, Bernard wrote to that city a letter of congratulation, in which he commands the Pisans to be sensible of their high honor, and to act worthily of it. The Milanese showed signs of insubordination, and letter after letter of warning reached them from the same source. "The Church of Rome is clement, but she is powerful. Do not abuse her clemency, lest you be crushed by her power. The plenitude of authority over all the churches of the world, by a singular prerogative, is given to the apostolic see. He, therefore, who resists this authority, resists the ordinance of God. The pope could, if he judged it fit, create new bishoprics where none existed before. Those which exist he can either raise or degrade, according to his good pleasure." It seemed as if the fiery vehemence of Bernard's letters had the same effect as the thrilling eloquence of his words; for every church that received his admonition yielded. The Milanese were rewarded by a visit. The whole population went out seven miles to welcome him. Milan could hardly have been more enthusiastic, had St. Ambrose himself entered on his palfrey. Scarcely could Bernard preserve his very garments from being stripped of every particle of hair by the eagerness of the crowd.

In the fourth year of the schism Bernard returned for a short interval to Clairvaux. The news of his coming flew before him. His journey through the north of Italy, Switzerland, and France resembled a royal progress. The accounts of the homage rendered to him by all kinds of people, and of the subdued humility that shone in his demeanor, fill glowing pages of the annalists. At the gates of Placentia he was received by the bishop and clergy, who conducted him in solemn procession into the city. At Florence he met with a similar reception. The shepherds of the Alps forsook their flocks to come and ask his benediction. From Besançon he was solemnly escorted to Langres, and at a short distance from that city he found his brethren from Clairvaux, who had hastened out to meet him. "They fell on his neck; they embraced his knees; they spoke to him by turns, and full of joyous exultation they

accompanied him home," says the annalist of Cîteaux. It was his joy to find that the monastery had prospered, and that there were no details of scandal to abate his satisfaction. He found, however, that his deputies Gerard and Gerald had entered into a conspiracy to enlarge the monastery. While the abbot had been neglecting his private duties in the service of the highest officer in the church, Clairvaux had been prospered with a double blessing; recruits had come in, after hearing Bernard on the Rhine, by the hundred at a time. In vain did the abbot resist their appeals, and talked to them about counting the cost. Soon the whole monastery was alive with workmen. The beautiful valley became more beautiful than ever; very soon the Clairvaux of old was entirely rebuilt; and the humble buildings which had been the pride of Bernard's humility now assumed dimensions of dangerous amplitude.

Hardly had Bernard begun to repose after these three years' toils than he was again summoned abroad. The cause of Innocent was now so entirely his own—as it were, so dependent on his personal exertions—that he did not hesitate a moment. Aquitaine was the first scene of his labors. William the sovereign Count of Aquitaine and Poitiers had taken advantage of the schism to drive several prelates from their sees. Godfrey, the legate of Innocent, made his appeal to the Abbot of Clairvaux,—the universal referee,—and succeeded in inducing him to visit William's court. Bernard's eloquence for once seemed to fail; the count had sworn and would not change; but Bernard's knowledge of human nature did not fail. He went to church and celebrated high mass. After the words of consecration, he made his way through the crowd to the count, who, as an excommunicated man, was standing outside; uplifting in his hands the consecrated bread, he thus spoke, with stern countenance and flashing eyes, to the refractory prince: "Twice already have you despised the servants of the Lord. Behold now the blessed Son of the Virgin. The Lord and Head of the church, whom you persecute, appears to you. Behold your Judge, at whose voice every knee is bowed in heaven and earth, the Judge to whom you must one day surrender your soul. Will you reject him as you have despised his servants?" Under the terror of this awful adjuration, the prince's pride succumbed; he

bowed before the power of a spell, which few, even in that turbulent age, resisted; and fell down "foaming on the grass." Recovering from his swoon, he waited trembling for his sentence. The rejected bishop was restored; the humbled king gave him the kiss of peace, and led him back to the church. He himself received Bernard's exhortations to take heed for the future: in due time he forsook the world, and went on pilgrimage. Bernard, satisfied with his success, returned to Clairvaux and began to preach once more on the Song of Songs.

But while Bernard was in the south of France, matters were going wrong in Italy, and Innocent summoned him back to his councils. Bernard's presence at once retrieved the failing cause; in a few months the schism ended. Taking no counsel of any, setting aside the plans of the pope and his cardinals, he formed his own scheme. He quietly undermined the pleas of the supporters of Anacletus, and by argument and persuasion won over the better part of them. He brought the monks of Monte Cassino to their true allegiance. Roger, Duke of Sicily, alone remained. His reliance was on his sword: war alone would give Anacletus his rights, and preserve, what Roger cared for much more, his own lands. Roger proposed a conference at Salerno, where Peter of Pisa, a distinguished rhetorician, should vindicate Anacletus, and Bernard, Innocent; not doubting that the transalpine monk would succumb before so accomplished an antagonist. But Roger had yet to learn the lesson which everybody else had been taught,—what manner of man the rustic abbot of the north was. Peter exhausted the resources of his art, and made a most learned display of canon law. But a few transcendental words touching the one ark of which Innocent was the pilot, and out of which all must perish, delivered with that strange supernatural force that never deserted Bernard, carried the whole audience, converted Peter himself, and utterly discomfited Roger. At this juncture, Anacletus's heart was broken, and he died. A phantom anti-pope, Victor, was set up for a few months: but he likewise confessed the universal spell, sought out Bernard, and placed in his hands the symbols of the pontificate. The Abbot of Clairvaux had the sublime satisfaction of leading Victor into the presence of Innocent, who thus, after eight years of bitter contest, was

the accepted pope of Christendom. Having finished his work, Bernard, within five days, left Rome forever; but not without notes of what he had seen there,—notes of which he afterward made vigorous use.

His monks were longing to receive him once more, and the rather because of the feebleness of his health. In his apology for absence from his chapter, he had given a most melancholy account of his state, written as if in prospect of death. But an event occurred on his journey which brought back the full current of his life and energy. A "man" of Cluny, about whom there had been circulated scandalous reports, was elected to the bishopric of Langres. Against this election Bernard vehemently protested. He turned aside to Lyons where the iniquity had been perpetrated; wrote missive after missive of remonstrance and threatening to the cardinals and the pope; exchanged some very severe letters with his old friend, Peter the Venerable; and at last, merely through the force of his character, carried his point. He rejected the bishopric for himself, as also the archbishopric of Rheims, but secured the appointment of his own Godfrey. It is hard to justify Bernard in this transaction. The fury of his language, and the urgency with which he pressed his own claims to reward for his services, would have been excusable only if a man proved notoriously wicked had been instituted to the see. But Peter, his superior, was pledge for the bishop-elect's character, and Bernard simply manifested an obstinate prejudice. In this, as in several other encounters, Peter had much to bear; but his friendship and reverence for Bernard nothing could abate, and he forgave all.

Bernard had not long returned, when the saddest calamity he had ever known befell him. His brother Gerard—the man he loved best in all the world—sickened and died. A year before, in Italy, Gerard had been ill; but Bernard had prayed earnestly that God would not at that crisis take his life. He was spared; but the mandate came again when, if ever, some buffeting messenger was needed to preserve Bernard's humility. He was now at the dazzling height of his authority,—a pope behind the pope,—and universally hailed as the father of Christendom. But when his brother was laid on the serge cloth, upon a cross of ashes, and died surrounded by all the kneeling brethren, Ber-

nard felt himself, as he had never felt before, alone in the world. Till the moment of Gerard's death, he wept with the rest; but when all was over, an awful calm concealed the violence of his sorrow. At the funeral he seemed the least moved of all; he mounted his pulpit as usual, and began his interrupted sermon on the Canticles; but he had not gone far with "the tents of Kedar" before he burst forth in a sublime impromptu: "What have I to do with this cantic, who am steeped in bitterness?" and then followed a most beautiful funeral oration, in which a living faith mourned the dead in language which bears no trace of superstitious error—the finest and purest specimen of his eloquence.

Soon after Gerard was taken from him, Malachy, primate of Ireland, called at Clairvaux on his way to Rome. Malachy was a man after Bernard's own heart: one who had spent his life in self-denying labor among the wild Irish, and had earned for himself the title of the second Apostle of Ireland. After a short visit, during which these two congenial spirits contracted a friendship that lasted the remainder of their days, Malachy went on to transact his business with the pope. Having accomplished a great work of reformation in Ireland, which in fact he had re-woven into the fabric of the Papacy, he begged as his reward the pope's permission to live and die in Clairvaux. This request was not granted, and Malachy went back to yet severer labors. But nine years afterward he came again, and this time to die. His second visit brought unspeakable consolation to Bernard at a time of great perplexity and embarrassment. When he died after a few days' illness, he was buried in the monastery, which counted itself enriched by his remains. "Thine, O Jesus, is the treasure which is intrusted to us. We keep it to be restored to thee when thou shalt think meet to ask it. We pray only that he may not go forth from hence without his companions, but that he who was our guest may be also our leader to reign with thee and him forever and ever. Amen." Such are the words in which Bernard takes farewell of his friend, in the genial and affectionate, but most superstitious, memorial of him that he soon afterward wrote.

But to return. The years that followed the extinction of the schism were really years of Bernard's government, and a full notion of

the endless variety of his administration can be gained only by a study of the ecclesiastical history of the period. Clairvaux was the centre of all action : every kingdom, every monastery, and every see in Christendom had correspondence with its abbot. Not an election but was referred to him. Not an abuse but cried to him for redress. From his now celebrated retreat his letters flew over all Europe : letters strangely full of the language of unworldly, self-oblivious humility, but strangely full also of despotic and self-asserting authority. Some of them seem literally to burn with indignation,—an indignation which flashed around the pope with as little compunction as around the humblest Clunia. Some few instances may be here referred to.

In the council which was held at Rome, after the schism ended, for the restoration of discipline, all the cardinals and prelates who sided with Anacletus were deprived of their dignities. Peter of Pisa, Bernard's converted opponent, was punished like the rest, although guaranteed by the promise of indemnity. As might be supposed, Bernard flew to the rescue ; and his interference was successful, although not without difficulty, as the following sentences written to the pope will show :—

“ Who shall execute judgment on yourself? If there were any judge before whom I could cite you, I would not fail to show you what treatment you have deserved at my hands. I know that there is the tribunal of Jesus Christ ; but God forbid that I should accuse you before that tribunal, where, on the contrary, I would it were in my power to defend you. It is for this cause that I apply to him who has received a commission to render justice to all men. I appeal from you to yourself.”

On another occasion, when the Archbishop of Treves complained to him that the metropolitan dignity had, through Papal favoritism toward the young suffragans, become an empty letter, Bernard wrote a long letter to the pope, in which occur such sentences as these :—

“ It is the common opinion of all those who with faithful vigilance watch over their congregations in this country, that all ecclesiastical justice is annihilated, and that the episcopal authority is now held in contempt, since no bishop has any longer the power of avenging offences committed against God, or even of punishing abuses occurring in his own diocese ; and it is on you and on the court of Rome that the blame of this is laid ; for

men say that what *they* have religiously ordered you have forbidden, and what they have with justice forbidden *you* have commanded. You receive with open arms the disorderly and litigious of all congregations, even the unruly and expelled members of the monastic establishments, who on their return from your court boast of having found protection where they should rather have found punishment.”

These are only specimens of many vexatious passages between Innocent and the man to whom he owed so much. While in his humiliation, the new pope could do nothing without Bernard ; but, when securely on his seat, he listened to other counsellors, and at his death, which took place soon afterward, he had ceased to correspond directly with Clairvaux.

Before his departure, however, an event took place which must be regarded as the most important of his short pontificate, perhaps the most important of the age,—the encounter between Bernard and Abelard.

It is not a little remarkable that the two representative men of the time, whose names had been most in men's mouths for a quarter of a century, and who had been so long working on diametrically opposite principles, should never have crossed each other's path until so late a period of their lives. In spirit they must have been constantly present to each other, and always with the mutual repulsion which exists between purity and impurity, between the pride of reason and the simplicity of faith. Bernard was already Abbot of Clairvaux when Abelard, twelve years his senior, made his name the scandal of Christendom. His deliberate seduction of Heloise, and the fiendish mutilation which avenged it, were events the details of which would not fail to penetrate the most hidden cloisters. The William of Champeaux whom Abelard had humiliated, mocked, and driven from Paris, was afterward Bernard's most intimate friend ; and in their frequent visits to each other, Abelard's reckless life and heretical teaching must often have been the subject of conversation. We have, however, Bernard's own testimony that he had not read Abelard's writings ; but he could not have been ignorant that at the Council of Soissons, held in 1121, his book on the Trinity was publicly burnt, and he himself compelled, amidst sobs and groans, to read aloud the Athanasian Creed.

An incident had occurred some years before which was ominous of the future. Bernard, in a transient visit to the Paraclete convent, where the unhappy Heloise and her nuns observed a rule drawn up by Abelard, noticed a single change which the latter had made in the Lord's Prayer, the substitution of "super-substantial" for "daily" bread. This aroused his suspicion, and he commented on it in a way which, reported to Abelard, excited his bitter resentment. He wrote Bernard a sarcastic and contemptuous epistle, which, however, provoked no response.

The fact is that Bernard had no disposition to assail this dialectical Goliath. He was not versed in the technicalities of that kind of logical fencing in which Abelard was unrivalled. There is no evidence that he ever took the slightest interest in the controversy about *Universals*, or in those subtle disputes which Abelard had revived, and of which the next and subsequent ages made Realism, Nominalism, and Conceptualism the mysterious symbols. But he who aspired personally to encounter the renowned dialectician ought to be master of these subtleties. On the other hand, every succeeding year made it more imperative that Abelard's courses should be arrested: and every succeeding year, as it lifted Bernard nearer to the proud pinnacle of the church's championship, made it more obvious that he must in some way meet the church's most dangerous enemy. For he was too well acquainted with the tendencies of the times not to know that Abelard was only the Lucifer of an always-increasing host. In his view Peter of Bruys was only Abelard in another form; and the Petrobrussian doctrines—rejecting infant baptism, objecting to ecclesiastical buildings, insulting the material cross, denying the real presence, ridiculing prayers for the dead, and laughing at music and song in the divine service—were only variations of the same attack upon church authority. Henry, the Cluniae monk, who, when Peter was burned alive, transferred his opinions to the north of France, and everywhere alienated the people from the priesthood, was only a propagator of the same mischief. Arnold of Brescia—preaching in Lombardy an anti-hierarchical gospel, and inflaming the people with a republican hatred of the pope's temporal power—was well known to have been Abelard's most enthusiastic disciple. Moreover, within the fold of the church the ten-

dency of Abelard's freethinking had been exhibited in the heresy of several eminent names—such as Gilbert de la Porrée, who was teaching and preaching a Tritheistic Trinity. Bernard's feelings in the contemplation of all these signs of evil, and his opinion of Abelard as the arch-heretic, may be seen in his own words:

"We have fallen upon evil times. Masters we have with itching ears. The scholars shun the truth, and turn them to fables. In France we have a monk without rule, a prelate without care, an abbot without discipline. We have Peter Abelard disputing with boys, and converting women. . . . He does not approach alone, as Moses did, toward the darkness in which God was, but advances attended by a crowd of his disciples. In the streets and thoroughfares, the Catholic faith is discussed. Men dispute over the child-bearing of the Virgin, the sacrament of the altar, the incomprehensible mystery of the Trinity."

We may therefore suppose that when, at the end of the year 1139, William of St. Thierry wrote to Geoffrey, Bishop of Chartres, and Bernard, pointing out to them the errors of Abelard's teaching, and urging them to meet this great enemy, Bernard could not resist what seemed to be a call from God. During Lent he prayed over the matter. After Lent he studied it thoroughly. And the result was that he gave up to it all the energy of his ardent nature. But it is to his honor that, before he took any steps, he sought an interview with Abelard, and again and again tried to persuade him to relinquish his rationalist expositions of doctrine. This failing, he resolved once more to arouse all Europe to the rescue. Having succeeded in preserving the unity of Christendom, he would now toil for the defence of the unity of the Christian faith. Pope, cardinals, princes, bishops, were urged to unite against Abelard as a combination of all heretics in one.

But Abelard was on the alert. He instinctively felt that Bernard was his destiny, and that he would now at length be face to face with the real enemy of his life. Finding that the Archbishop of Sens—no friend of Bernard—was about to preside over a synod, Abelard demanded to meet his public accuser. The archbishop gladly granted this request. Abelard, famous as ever as a disputant, and much wiser than when he succumbed at Soissons, published it far and wide that he was going to meet in logical combat the great Abbot

of Clairvaux. Bernard was appalled. He dreaded a dialectical encounter with "a man of war from his youth." But his friends and his loyalty saved him from shrinking; and trusting to the promise, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak," he set out for the council.

The day arrived when the work not finished at Soissons was to be completed at Sens. The primary occasion of the meeting was the exhibition of sacred relics, and it was a magnificent field-day of the Gallican Church. King Louis, Count Theobald, with a crowd of bishops, abbots, and grandees, contributed their splendor to the superstition. Abelard was accompanied by a swarm of disciples; Bernard came with two or three monks, but was strong in the confidence of all the faithful sons of the church. After the first day had been devoted to the popular pagantry, the second was devoted to Abelard. He entered defiantly, walked up the ranks—whispering to Gilbert as he passed, *Tunc tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet*—and confronted his one antagonist. Bernard stood in a pulpit with Abelard's book in his hand; and proceeded calmly to read out certain selected passages. Expectation was stimulated to the highest pitch. The most exciting encounter of the age was now to begin. But Abelard—either abashed, or convicted, or fearful—brought the whole matter to an impotent conclusion, by appealing to Rome and leaving the assembly. After his departure, Bernard compelled the council to go through the whole evidence, and send a strong letter to Innocent, which plainly instructed him in his duty.

Before the severe sentence of the pope could arrive,—that the heretic's writings be burnt, and he himself imprisoned,—Abelard had fallen into the merciful hands of our old friend Peter, Abbot of Cluny. Through his never-weary good offices, Bernard and Abelard were, or seemed to be, reconciled; and Peter wrote an affecting letter to the pope, imploring him to allow Abelard to finish his days in penitence and peace. This permission being granted, he spent three abject years in efforts to repent,—in writing his confessions,—and in corresponding with Heloise. Under the good abbot's care, he made what we are willing to believe was an edifying end.

Meanwhile his friends vented their satire on the proceedings of the assembly at Sens.

Berengarius in particular poured out his bitter indignation on Bernard; and held up to ridicule the prelates, who, amidst the fumes of wine, that day sealed Abelard's condemnation. But Bernard's only reply was the most elaborate of his shorter works on the "Errors of Abelard." This tractate shows what was precisely the controversy that thus for a season terminated. It was not with Abelard's Nominalism or Conceptualism that Bernard quarrelled, but with his elevation of reason above faith, and with the consequences of his freethinking upon the doctrines of the Trinity, of redemption, and divine grace. He shows that Abelard's endeavors to bring home to the comprehension of his hearers the sublimest matters of faith, "introduced the idea of a gradual succession into the Trinity; that of measure into the Divine Majesty; and that of number into eternity." He comments with earnest severity upon his reducing faith to an *æstimatio*, or opinion, appealing to the witness of the Divine Spirit, and St. Paul's definition of faith as the evidence of things not seen. He detects and rebukes his errors concerning the Atonement, especially his assertion that "God would not have been reconciled to us by the death of his Son, since that could only have incensed him more against us,"—insisting gloriously upon the justice which combined with the mercy in man's redemption. He denounces the vital error of Abelard in saying, "The object of the incarnation, of the life and death of Christ, was to enlighten men by the light of his wisdom, and to inflame them by his love." He exposes his absolute Pelagianism in maintaining that "by free will, without the help of divine grace, we can both will and perform what is good." We cannot but sympathize with Bernard's indignant outburst, "Thou canst not give thanks with the redeemed, because thou thyself art not one of the redeemed; for, if thou wert, thou wouldst acknowledge the Redeemer, and not reject the redemption. Incomparable teacher! revealing the very depths of the divinity, and making them clear and accessible to whom he will; and rendering the hidden mystery which hath been shut up through all time so plain and open, through his interpretation, that it may be penetrated even by the novice and the unclean." And when he adds, "What avails it that Christ should instruct

us, unless he also enable us? or would not instruction be vain, unless the love of sin be first destroyed in us, that we should no longer serve sin?" And in his grand conclusion of the whole matter: "I behold three several objects in the work of Redemption: the example of humility—God emptying himself; the measure of love, extending even to death, and the death on the cross; the mystery of Redemption, whereby death itself is annihilated. It is one thing to follow Christ,—it is another thing to cleave unto him through love,—it is another thing to feed upon his flesh and blood. To follow him is wholesome counsel,—to cling to and embrace him is a noble joy,—to feed upon him is a holy life: for he is the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world; and what is counsel or joy without life?"

Scarcely had Bernard thus publicly asserted the inviolability of the church's doctrine, and shielded it against the intrusion of reason, than we find him assuming another character,—that of a Protestant resisting the encroachments of dogmatism. The Church of Lyons had thought proper to celebrate a new festival, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. Besides his general interest in the purity of the faith, he had a special interest in any action at Lyons, as being the metropolis of the diocese in which his abbey lay. The letter is a firm protest against the addition of a new and dangerous element to the mysteries of the Christian faith. While it professes great devotion to Mary, whose too loyal servant Bernard always was, it refuses to allow to her anything beyond the sanctification of John and Jeremiah in the womb; it deprecates invasion of the sole prerogative of Jesus Christ, "Who alone sanctifying all others, was sanctified before he was." It protests against introducing novelties, "novelty being the mother of temerity, the sister of superstition, the daughter of lightness." Bernard intimates that he had marked such an error among certain individuals; and that he had excused it as springing from simplicity of heart and love to the Virgin; but that, such a superstition being adopted by such a church, of which he was a son, he could not keep silence. The letter is noteworthy, as showing the opinion held by the most eminent divines of the twelfth century, and maintained also in the thirteenth,

concerning the heretical dogma recently enforced from Rome.

Bernard made an earnest effort at this juncture to put off the armor and retire. But it was in vain. He was too thoroughly identified with the politics of the world. He had now renounced, or had lost, the special sequestration of his cloister; and the distinction between the monk who had left the world and the secular clergy who were there to govern it, was, in his case, all but done away. He must bear the penalty. It was his lot to live in one of the most turbulent periods of the French monarchy; and the violence of the young king, Louis VII., gave him constant trouble. In this year, 1142, in consequence of his refusal to admit Pierre de la Châtre to the archbishopric of Bourges, Louis was excommunicated, and the whole kingdom of France laid under an interdict. Count Theobald of Champagne, the friend of Bernard and enemy of Louis, gave the rejected prelate refuge in his dominions. This led to war between the king and the count; while other events occurred from time to time to embroil matters more and more. For several years Bernard seems to have labored to the utmost to restore peace in the kingdom, and to reconcile the church and the State. While Innocent lived, his endeavors were unsuccessful. But at length his good offices were effectual in the reconciliation of the king and the count, and of the church and the State. After years of blood and fire, his efforts were crowned with final success, when the pope, in the midst of a large assembly of his councillors, rose up, and, turning in the direction of the kingdom of France, signed the cross, and the interdict ceased. The kingdom of France hailed the Abbot of Clairvaux, and with reason, as its greatest benefactor.

But these political complications and convulsions touched Bernard less keenly than the heresies which were abroad. Abelard was gone; but his "armor-bearer," young Arnold of Brescia, did not give up the cause when his master failed. Banished from Italy by the pope, at the Lateran council in 1139, he went to France, and thence to Zurich, where the future pope, Celestine, then legate, took him into his confidence. There the eye of Bernard tracked him. His letter to the legate is full of suppressed fury:—

"Arnold of Brescia, whose words are as honey, but whose doctrines are poison, whom Brescia cast forth, at whom Rome shuddered, whom France has banished, whom Germany will soon hold in abomination, whom Italy will not endure, is reported to be with you. Either you know not the man, or you hope to convert him. May this be so; but beware of the fatal infusion of heresy. He who consorts with the suspected becomes liable to suspicion; he who favors one under the Papal excommunication, contravenes the pope, and even the Lord God himself."

During the brief pontificate of his former patron, Arnold made no demonstration: but, on Celestine's death and the accession of Lucius II., the ideal republic which Arnold had preached became a reality. Lucius received from the senate the announcement that they submitted to his spiritual authority, and to his spiritual authority alone. All the temporalities, they avowed, belonged to the patricians. Arnold's republic was set up; and Bernard's prognostications vindicated their sagacity. Lucius, sustained only by Bernard, held out: he stormed the capitol, and was killed,—the first and last pope killed in defence of the temporal power. The cardinals hastily elected Bernard of Pisa, a former monk of Clairvaux, — probably because through him they might assure themselves of the energetic help of a greater Bernard. The Abbot of Clairvaux was amazed at their folly. Either he resented their choosing one of his disciples without his own sanction, or he thought meanly of Bernard's capacity for such a crisis. His letter to the conclave was very characteristic; and a few sentences from it will give the reader a further insight into the temper of the times:—

"May God forgive you—but what have you done! You have recalled to the world a man who was already in the grave; you have overwhelmed with the cares and business of life one who wished neither for cares nor for business. You have raised to the foremost place one who only thought of being the last; and this station is more perilous than the former. Who put it into your heads to seize upon a simple and unlettered monk, and place him on the throne of St. Peter? What! were there no wise men among yourselves? Was no one but Eugenius fit for the Papacy? It is absurd to take a *pannosum homuncionem*, and make him the master of princes and bishops, of kingdoms and empires. What, think you, must needs be the feelings of a man who passes at once from the solitude

of the heart, and from the mysteries of inward prayer, to the tumult of the world? Alas! unless the Lord lend him his support, he must preforce fall."

To the pope himself he wrote as follows, having soon become reconciled to the election:—

"I dare no longer call you my son: for the son is become the father, the father the son. Yet I envy you not; for you are my work. 'A wise son is the joy of his father!' As Simon was turned into Cephas, and Saul to Paul, so I trust for you also it shall be a blessed transformation from my son Bernard to my father Eugenius. And now that this change has been made in you, the Lamb's Bride committed to your care must likewise be changed and made better. If you be, indeed, the Bridegroom's friend, appropriate not to yourself *his* church, or only so as to be willing to lay down your life for it. You have taken a high place, but not a safe one. 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground;' the place of the first of the apostles; to one who with a clear conscience could say, 'Silver and gold have I none,' was the church committed in her infancy, that, taught by his words, and edified by his example, she might learn to despise all earthly things."

Eugenius III. soon belied Bernard's fears. He acted with great vigor; plied both spiritual and temporal arms; and speedily obtained possession of Rome. He for a time re-established the hierarchical constitution. But the inextinguishable hatred of the Romans to his old adherents, the Tiburtines, made Rome too hot for him. Once more the abbot writes, but this time to the Romans; and the closing sentences we will cite as further illustrating Bernard's relation to his times:—

"*Brother Bernard to the nobles and people of Rome, to induce them to leave the evil and choose the good.*

"I, a man without authority, address myself to you, the illustrious people. But I reckon that the danger of appearing impertinent in the eyes of man is less than that of being condemned before God. What hath possessed you, O Romans, first of people, thus to aggrieve your own especial protector? Your fathers subjected the whole world to their city, and ye are fast making your city the laughing-stock of the whole world. What figure, verily, doth she assume now, a body deprived of its head? We implore you, for Christ's sake, reconcile yourselves to your

protectors, Peter and Paul, whom, in the person of their representative and successor Eugenius, you have driven from their throne. Reconcile yourselves with the rulers of this world, lest the world begin to use her weapons against the thoughtless ones. Know you not that you have offended Him against whom ye can do nothing; and under whose protection ye need fear nothing?"

The year 1146 found Eugenius in France, obliged once more to abandon Rome to Arnold and his republic. He revisited the scenes where he had known a happiness to which he was now a stranger. Placing himself under the guidance of Bernard,—his son and father in one,—the pope concerted with him plans for the recovery of Rome, the correction of disorders in the Papal government, and, we may charitably suppose, the attainment of their own perfection in the midst of the anxieties of the world. But, from all other plans and projects they were soon called away by the transcending excitement of the Great Crusade.

Christian Europe was suddenly thrown into consternation and mourning by sad news from the East. Edessa, the bulwark of the Christian kingdom founded by the first Crusaders,—and itself the most ancient of Christian cities, whose king was said to have been converted by Christ,—had been taken by the Saracens; Antioch and Jerusalem were threatened; and it seemed as if all the fruits of the first Crusade were about to be lost. None felt the shock more than Bernard. Eugenius at his instigation wrote to summon western Christendom to arms. Bernard seconded the Papal Bull by the most excited appeals. Remission of sins to penitent devotees, protection for all they left behind, glorious rewards either in life or death, were the inducements liberally held out. But the main impulse relied on, was the spirit of burning thirst for revenge which animated all classes of Christians. Bernard was commissioned by the pope to preach up and down Europe the second Crusade.

At the Council of Vezelay, Easter, 1146, in an open field (the castle being too small), this successor of Peter the Hermit uttered the first summons. In the midst of all the magnificence of France, Bernard stood forth the central and most imposing figure. Never had he harangued more vehemently: and from the vast assembly there soon arose a cry, *The Cross! The Cross!* When all the

holy badges that had been provided were exhausted, Bernard rent his very garments to supply more. Inflamed by this success, he went through Germany and Northeastern France, preaching the Crusade, scattering crosses, and, as his biographers relate, attesting the divinity of his mission by an incessant series of miracles. Peter, his great predecessor, had never been more enthusiastically received; "scarcely one man was left to seven women." None withstood the influence. Even Conrad, whose secular soul was too deeply engaged in the West to care much about the East, was won over. After hesitating long, a sermon on the last day ending with a solemn personal appeal decided him; and the king and emperor were brothers in the sacred cause.

Soon after Bernard's departure from the Rhine, he heard that a wretched monk, named Rodolph, had volunteered to preach the Crusade after a fashion of his own. His war-cry was the extermination of the Jews, whose murder would propitiate the divine favor toward the cause, and whose wealth would enrich the crusading exchequer. Multitudes of this unhappy people were pillaged and killed throughout large districts; for the sanguinary cry of this fanatic was only too congenial with the general feeling of the age. Even such a man as Peter the Venerable, always so gentle to all others, talks about the *damnatos damnandosque Judeos* as worthy, if not to be killed, yet to be everywhere plundered. Bernard was roused to a sublime wrath:—

"Does not the church triumph more fully over the Jews by convincing or converting them from day to day, than if she, once and forever, were to slay them all with the edge of the sword? Is that prayer of the church appointed in vain, which is offered up for the perfidious Jews, from the rising up of the sun to the going down of the same, praying that the Lord God will take away the veil from their hearts, that they may be lifted up from their darkness into the light of truth? For, if the church did not hope that those that doubt will one day believe, it would be vain and superfluous to pray for them: but, on the contrary, she piously believes that the Lord is gracious toward him who returns good for evil, and love for hatred. Is it not written, 'See that thou slay them not'? And again, 'When the fulness of the Gentiles is come in, then shall Israel be saved'? Thy doctrine, O Rodolph, is not of thee, but of thy

father who sent thee. Nevertheless, it suffices thee if thou art like thy master; for he was a murderer from the beginning; he is a liar, and the father of it."

These noble words were soon followed by equally noble acts. He came swiftly back to Mayence, where Rodolph was glorying in the spoils of his preaching. And there is no grander illustration of his power over men than the result. He persuaded the monk to go back to his monastery and keep silence; and, although with much more difficulty, he pacified the greedy mob, and saved the Jews. He then returned to France, leaving the Abbot of Eberach to continue his preaching. At Etampes, King Louis—longing to purge his conscience of the guilt of burning the church at Vitry with 1,300 souls in it—was consecrated leader of the host by the pope and Bernard, and soon departed with a glorious army. During the year other immense hosts, under Conrad and other leaders, were equipped; and thus the second great wave of European folly rolled toward the East.

Their departure, after a year of boundless excitement, left Bernard at leisure to deal with the relics of the brood of heresy. Having sent a hundred thousand men from their homes to fight for the holy places, and having refreshed himself by the strange vaticinations of Abbess Hildegard, he gathered up his forces for a much severer contest. Heresies in the West were at least as dangerous to Papal Christendom as infidels in the East. Bernard's remaining years were devoted to the task—as hopeless as the Crusades—of suppressing the rebellion of thought against the doctrines of Rome.

A council was held at Rheims in May, 1148, at Bernard's suggestion, for the express purpose of endeavoring to arrest the spread of heresy. Though Abelard was dead, and Arnold's insurrection in Rome all but extinguished, the new tendency was not checked, whether in its speculative or in its practical direction. Free thought, or the new Logic in Theology, was represented by Gilbert Porretanus, or de la Porrée, Bishop of Poitiers. He was a Realist; but his method of expressing himself laid him open to the charge of Tritheism. Two of his archdeacons, vaguely conscious of an error in his creed which they could not unravel, forwarded an impeachment to the pope, who, baffled in his turn by the extreme subtlety of Gilbert's distinctions,

committed the case to Bernard. He diligently studied his brief; and after two days' contest in the council, Gilbert was convicted of denying that the Supreme Essence, in which the Three Persons are one God, was itself God; and as a sequence, that it was not the divine nature which assumed the human, but simply the Person of the Son. Gilbert recanted everything; and so far his antagonist triumphed. But the triumph was accompanied with much that to Bernard's mind was ominous of evil. There was in the council an obvious disinclination to proceed to extremities against speculative theology; which, learning a lesson of caution, proceeded more warily in the next generation, and sheltered itself, like Peter Lombard's *Liber Sententiarum*, under the authority of the Fathers. To Bernard personally, and to the French clergy, the council was an unsatisfactory one; inasmuch as their confession of faith, drawn up by Bernard to settle the dispute, aroused the deep jealousy of the Roman cardinals.

But practical dissent was more difficult to deal with. The century had witnessed a wide diffusion of principles, which, deriving their goodness from the tradition of apostolic times, were mingled with much of the evil of their own times, and presented only a dim and turbulent anticipation of the great coming Reform. Bernard viewed all these demonstrations with abhorrence. There was, indeed, a common bond between him and the worst of these sects, had he been able to perceive it. But the unity of the church—according to his Hildebrandine notion of unity—overruled every other consideration. His writings against the schismatics had been indefatigable. But necessity was now laid upon him to root out, though by gentle means, these victims of the spirit of dissent. The most dismal intelligence had recently come from Languedoc; and the pope sent a cardinal with Bernard on a preaching crusade. His report records:—

"The churches are without congregations, the congregations are without priests; the priests are no longer treated with the reverence due to them; the churches are avoided as if they were synagogues; the sanctuary of the Lord is no longer held sacred; the sacraments are no longer revered; the festivals are no longer observed. Men die in their sins, and souls are hurried before the awful judgment-seat of God, without having been

reconciled to him by penance, or strengthened by the supper of the Lord. The way to Christ is closed against the children of Christians; the grace of baptism is denied; and those whom the Saviour called to himself with fatherly love, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, are no longer permitted to draw nigh unto him."

When the cardinal legate entered the town of Albi, he was met by crowds on asses with kettledrums. But Bernard's presence was more effectual, and Henry with his adherents fled. At Toulouse—to give a specimen of the preacher's singular power—a huge multitude of wild Henricians at his appeal testified, by lifting up their hands, that they recanted and would adhere to the church. The sect was proscribed, and Henry soon afterward imprisoned for life. Bernard's amazing influence thus had a complete though transitory success. But he was only preparing the way for more ruthless agents of despotism, and for that damnable extermination which the next age witnessed in those same regions.

Here a second time we meet with a repetition of those strange accounts of miraculous power that occurred before during the preaching of the Crusade. All through his life Bernard had enjoyed the reputation of a worker of miracles. A few instances of his healing disease are reported at the outset of his career. The fact, however, had never been mentioned by himself until now. He was thoroughly convinced that God healed many diseases in answer to his prayer; but what was matter of exultation to those about him was matter of pure amazement to himself:—

"Signs and wonders have been wrought," he says, "by holy men and by deceivers. I feel conscious neither of holiness nor of deceit. I know I have not those saintly merits which are illustrated by miracles. I trust, however, that I do not belong to the number of those who do wonderful things in the name of God, and yet are unknown to the Lord. These miracles, therefore, have nothing to do with me; for I know that they are owing rather to the extent of my fame than to the excellency of my life. They are not meant to honor me, but to admonish others."

Had these accounts rested merely on the evidence of the "ten witnesses," it would have been much easier to deal with them. But Bernard's own express testimony that

obstinate diseases were cured by his instrumentality may make scepticism pause. Much, indeed, may be said to diminish the weight of his testimony. The miracles themselves were mostly of such a character as might be accounted for on the principle of strong excitement. Then they were matter of amazement to him who performed them,—whose faith, therefore, hardly reached the point to which such works are promised. And further, they were said to have been performed on two occasions when we cannot believe that Bernard was specially commissioned by God: viz., when he was proclaiming a Crusade that wrought nothing but desolation in Europe, and when he was preaching against schismatics who, with all their errors, were generally better than the church which persecuted them. These are our objections. But with Mr. Morison's wholesale horror at the divine miraculous intervention we have no sympathy. To us it is *not a thing incredible* that God should make man's faith the instrument of overruling the laws of nature.

The next year was always referred to by Bernard himself as "the season of misfortunes." Rumors which speedily deepened into certainty spread that the Second Crusade was a great failure. King Louis, with a few dispirited followers, came home by stealth,—an emblem of the forlorn cause of the second Crusade. It soon became known that thirty thousand lives had been lost, and that without the consolation of a single glorious action. All Europe, in its passionate revulsion, looked for a scapegoat; and the name of Bernard was pronounced with sullen anger. Before venerated almost to idolatry, he now became the object of all but execration. But neither his courage nor his piety failed him. To the taunts of his having preached the Crusade as God's will,—of having prophesied its success,—of having wrought miracles in confirmation of it,—his only reply was a letter to the pope, in which he threw the whole blame on the wickedness of the Crusaders, sought precedents from Scripture, and meekly fell back upon the purity of his own character.

A calamity of another kind contributed to darken these last days. His secretary Nicolas, whom he had entirely trusted, was convicted of having used his seal and name to authenticate fabrications for the most dishonorable purposes, and with the effect of exciting numberless remonstrances against Clair-

vaux. This bad man fled to England, and maligned his master in every possible way. But it was not his defamed character that Bernard grieved over; it was the unknown and irremediable injuries that had been done which wrung his heart, and caused him to feel this more private and personal calamity as deeply as he had felt the calamity of Europe.

It was under the chastening influence of these sorrows, and with a frame hardly strong enough to detain his spirit from the other world, that Bernard meditated and wrote his last and greatest work,—“*De Consideratione*.” It is addressed to Eugenius, and gives him most earnest advice to cultivate religious thoughtfulness in relation to himself as pope, to the people under him, the court around him, and heaven above him. But the treatise derives its chief significance from its having been the final expression of Bernard’s views of the life, both secular and religious, which he was leaving. It is, so to speak, his last testimony: full of darkness as a picture and prophecy of the popedom, full of brightness as a description of the processes and consummation of personal religious endeavor.

It is interesting to note in this legacy of Bernard’s most mature views the conflict between his devotion to the theory, and his sorrow over the practice, of the Papacy. He had set up and carried with him through life an ideal, never realized and never to be realized, of a supreme overseer of the religious world, who should represent to the nations the impartial judgment of the Head of the Church, and give to his invisible presence a visible and fixed and sacred centre. To the assertion of this ideal he had devoted the best of his powers, and the fairest of his writings and years. But the earlier part of the book on “*Consideration*” seems like a despairing confession of failure, disguised under the language of exhortation and hope. While we read his lamentations over the infinite variety of temporal business that made the pope a slave, over the unholy combination of the secularities of the Romish court with the spiritualism of the Romish Church, and over the “gold, silver, and dominion,” which had become the appendages of the Papacy, we cannot but think that Bernard must have left the scene with a feeling of disappointment and despair which nothing but his reverence forbade him more plainly to express. And when

he winds up with the characteristics of a true pope, — “he is the pattern of piety, the teacher of the people, the defender of the faith, the refuge of the oppressed, the hope of the unhappy, the dread of tyrants, the father of kings, the supporter of the laws, the administrator of the ecclesiastical canons,” — we cannot but ask whether he did not feel that past history had never realized this ideal, and whether he did not forecast that future history would never realize it.

With the second part of his treatise Bernard returns to a more congenial topic, — to the delineation of a picture which is not unattainable, and of an ideal, man’s aspiration after which shall not be baffled and disappointed. He leads the soul “out of the foreign world to her proper home.” Here we have the final expression of Bernard’s mysticism, — so far as he was a mystic, — the key to his Platonic views of the Christian life, as given in the relations between intuition, faith, and opinion. Intuition is the supreme knowledge of God, and is superior to faith only in that the latter is encumbered by a veil from which the former is released. Opinion, guided by the probable, is ever liable to err. The highest knowledge is revealed by the Spirit, the prerogative of holiness, and obtained only by prayer. The creature is a ladder leading up to the knowledge of God; but the perfect man dispenses with the ladder, and is elevated with St. Paul to the immediate vision of heavenly things. This is the sum and substance of Bernard’s mysticism, of which the critical Calvin could say, “*Bernardus abbas in libris de Consideratione ita loquitur, ut veritas ipsa loqui videatur*.” It is a mysticism which, save in its last undue emancipation from sensible things, is the practical and scriptural mysticism of all true religion. It knows nothing of the insobriety of the later mystics. It never disdains the common Christian virtues. It never disavows the external obligations of duty. It never looks towards the abyss of Pantheism; it never surrenders the personality of the soul. It has no wonderful visions, no idiotic raptures. Disinterested love to God is declared by Bernard to be unattainable, at least in this life. The mystical death, self-annihilation, and holy indifference of Quietism were perfectly strange to his mysticism; and the “*Divine Dark*” it never approached.

Bernard’s penultimate year was spent in

great bodily prostration, almost without food and sleep. But his unconquerable mind never yielded. While he lay on his bed of sickness at Clairvaux, the Archbishop of Treves came with intelligence of a frightful contest raging between the burghers of Metz and the surrounding barons. It was the last of many such appeals for help, and Bernard roused himself to go to the Moselle. At first it seemed that his old influence was gone; the nobles would not hear him out. Battle was prepared on both sides. During the night Bernard told his friends that in his dream he had been singing the *Gloria in excelsis*, and that he was sure that peace and good-will on earth would follow in the morning. And so it was. While he was singing in his dreams, the hard barons were thinking on his words. After midnight they sent their penitent terms of submission; within a few days, Bernard saw the contending parties exchange the kiss of peace, and returned from this his last errand of mercy,—an errand worthy to have been the last.

The turbulent world saw him no more. The following sentences from the last two letters he dictated will show better than any words of ours with what views he now confronted death. To his Uncle Andrew he wrote a pathetic letter, blending the great grief of his life with its great consolation.

"I have not long to live on earth, and the time of my departure is at hand. I would that I might be refreshed by a little more of your sweet presence before I go hence. I notice your fear for the holy land which the Lord honored with his presence, for the city which he dedicated with his blood. Woe, woe, to our princes! They have done no good in the Lord's land! But we trust that God will not reject his people, nor forsake his inheritance. You do well in comparing yourself with an ant. For, what else are we children of the earth but ants, exhausting ourselves upon vain and useless objects? Let us therefore rise above the sun, and let our conversation be in the heavens, our minds proceeding where our bodies will shortly go."

And to a brother abbot he writes:—

"Pray to the Saviour, who willeth not the death of a sinner, that he delay not my departure, and yet that he will be pleased to guard it: support him who hath no merits of his own, by your prayers that the adversary of our salvation may not find any place open for his attack."

These words show that Bernard was dying not as a Romanist simply, but as a Christian.

The last three years had taken from him one by one his few remaining friends. Suger died meditating a renewal of the Crusade; Count Theobald died, after a life of unswerving friendship; and his faithful Eugenius died, with the book on "Consideration" in his last thoughts. Bernard's death, like his life, was full of Scripture: when the end evidently drew near, he shut himself up to its sole and supreme consolations. The Bishop of Langres came to him on some ecclesiastical business; but the dying veteran told him that the time had at length come when the world must vanish: "Marvel not that I do not attend: I am no longer of this world." His last saying to the monks whom he had taught so long was St. Paul's exhortation, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." His love to these poor orphans struggled for a moment with another stronger attraction: "I am in a strait betwixt two," they heard him murmur. Then, *flens ipse cum flentibus*, and "lifting his dovelike eyes to heaven," he began, *The will of God*—and death finished the sentence.

Bernard was canonized shortly after his decease; he has always been held in high honor by the Roman Church. And undoubtedly he was essentially a Romanist. In a more or less modified form, we may trace in his writings most of the distinctive doctrines of Rome. He was a champion—almost to bigotry—of the Roman obedience; and, save that he abhorred persecution, he was an unrelenting adversary to everything savoring of dissent, to all forms and tendencies of religious thought and life which in his days betokened the coming Protestantism. He was a monk in every fibre: had not the exigencies of the times summoned him from his great business during the latter half of his life, he would doubtless have been the great monastic reformer of the Middle Ages. But, on the other hand, there was much in his Romanism that Rome has been obliged to ignore or forgive, and over which we may rejoice. Bernard taught a religion deeply spiritual, and strongly denounced all mere ceremonialism and slavery to the external; not perceiving, by a strange inconsistency, how necessarily the Roman ritual tends that way. All his writings are one incessant and burning

protest against the manifold abuses which pervaded all departments of the Papal administration, and the monastic life of the twelfth century. He resisted the enforcement of new or "developed" dogmas; and many articles of the Tridentine Faith could not have been received by him, at least at the stage of blind submission which he had reached. And in our estimate of his claim to the respect and gratitude of universal Christendom, we should not forget that he resisted to the utmost of his power, and suppressed during his own day, the incursion of a rationalist spirit that made Christian doctrine the sport of capricious speculation, and which, if unrestrained, would have revived Sabellianism, and anticipated Socinianism by several centuries.

But Bernard's highest claim to our respect—and that which invests his name to most religious minds with a peculiar grace—is his unfeigned devotion to the dying merits and living example of the Redeemer. Setting out in life with a superstitious passion for the externals of the Saviour's death, he gradually reached the simplicity of a purged and perfect faith, which wrought by love, and made him pure in heart. How this could co-exist with so many errors which we are

accustomed to regard as hopelessly obscuring the fundamentals of religion, is a mystery which sends us to the recesses of man's infirmity, and the depths of God's sovereign mercy, for its solution. Without caring to explain this mystery, we take our leave of the character we have sketched in the words of Martin Luther, who studied the same picture intently and lovingly from a point of view three centuries nearer: "Thus died Bernard, a man so godly, so holy, and so chaste, that he is to be commended and preferred before all the Fathers. He being grievously sick, and having no hope of life, put not his trust in his single life, wherein he had yet lived most chastely; not in his good works and deeds of charity, whereof he had done many; but, removing them far out of his sight, and receiving the benefit of Christ by faith, he said, 'I have lived wickedly: but thou, Lord Jesus, dost possess the kingdom of heaven by double right: first, because thou art the Son of God; secondly, because thou hast purchased it by thy death and passion. The first thou keepest for thyself as thy birthright; the second thou givest to me, not by the right of my works, but by the right of grace.' He set not against the wrath of God his own monkery, nor his angelical life; but he took of that one thing which is necessary, and so was saved."

QUININE AND ITS SUBSTITUTES.—We published recently a succinct recital of cases by a practitioner largely experienced in the treatment of persons affected with agues and intermittent fever, and dealing with a population who suffer from the vicinity of the Essex marshes. He testified to the value of cinchonine as an antiperiodic, substituting the use of quinine. The culture of quinine is by no means yet fully established on so large a basis as to promise a continued supply in the quantities in which it is now demanded for use all over the world. For quinine is now the king of medicines; and while every one regards it as the most reliable and invaluable of remedies, there are many who think that with quinine and opium they can treat all diseases. The demand is enormous, and the more especially if we recall the rapidity with which this younger son of medicine has come into its rights. Into this country bark found its way for the first time late in the seventeenth century; and in France it won its entrance into the Pharmacopœia by curing Louis XIV., being used then for him as a secret remedy, and on the following conditions: 48,000 livres, 2,000 livres as a pension, and the title of Chevalier. The communication between French and English physicians was not then complete or intimate, and so

this magnificent price was obtained for Pallot's remedy, which was only a vinous tincture of quinine commonly employed in England. Louis XIV. ordered its admission into the pharmacopœia. The sources of quinine are, however, gradually failing under the pressure of the enormous demand; and although the experiments of the British Government in forming plantations of cinchona trees in India have met with success in an important degree, yet the best kinds of quinine-bearing trees are said not to have succeeded so well as the others. If cinchonine really possess the antiperiodic properties which have been ascribed to it, and which Dr. Taylor recently verified in a report on the cinchonine of Messrs. Howard & Sons, recently forwarded to us, this is in all respects a most interesting circumstance, of which physicians and practitioners should take note. It is very cheap and abundant, and the future promises an abundant supply. It may be prepared in a variety of agreeable forms; and the verification of its alleged antiperiodic properties is a simple question, which may easily be solved by a certain number of practitioners, if some will undertake to give it a fair trial; while the nature of the solution which those trials may afford is really a matter of the very highest importance.—*Lancet*.

CHAPTER VII.

MY "THINGS."

So the two girls—the Lindisfarn lasses, as Mr. Mat called them, the Lindisfarn co-heiresses, as they have been called in a preceding chapter—returned to the house. It may be as well, however, to explain before going any further that they were not very accurately so called. They were in no legal sense co-heiresses to the Lindisfarn property; for the entail went no further than the male heir of Oliver, and, failing such, the male heir of his brother. Failing male heirs of both of these, the property was at the disposal of the squire. But nobody had any doubt that his two daughters would inherit the property, as was natural, in equal proportions. Nevertheless, it was in the squire's power to modify the disposition of it in any manner he might think fit. The two girls, on Margaret's proposition, as has been said, returned to their rooms to complete the delightful work of unpacking the Parisian sister's wardrobe, which the dinner hour had compelled them to leave in the midst on the previous evening.

A rapid progress was made in the unpacking; but the "putting away," did not proceed with equal celerity. There was all the difference that there is between destroying a theory or system, and reconstructing it. Pulling down, alas! is always quicker and easier work than building up. And in the present instance the more laborious and less amusing task was left to Simmons. Of course Margaret had the most to show; and then her "things" were Parisian "things." Toilettes and demi-toilettes, *toilettes de bal*, and *toilettes du bois*, *toilettes de matin*, and *toilettes de soir*! A brilliant dioramic exhibition, illustrated, and varied by interspersed disquisitions and explanations of the glories and pleasures of the French metropolis.

Kate's wardrobe contained but one costume which was not outshone by anything in its own department belonging to that of her sister, and which attracted Margaret's special interest and admiration,—her riding-habit and its appendages. Nothing would satisfy her but that Kate should put herself in complete riding-dress; and when she had done so, Margaret insisted on trying on the habit herself. And then it appeared, and was specially noted and pointed out by the Parisian-bred girl, that her waist was a trifle slen-

derer than that of her sister; which produced from Miss Simmons the observation that there was not more difference than there should be for Miss Kate's somewhat superior height; and the judicially pronounced declaration, that "It *have* been considered, Miss Margaret, that Miss Kate's figure, specially a horseback, is the perfectest thing as ever was seen!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Simmons!" said Kate; "but just take two or three pins, and see if you can pin up the habit so as to make it fit Margaret's waist. There!" she continued, as the handy servant accomplished the task, "did anybody ever see a nicer figure for the saddle? Now the hat, Margaret. Just the least in the world on one side. That's it. Oh, you must ride. You do not know how the dress becomes you!"

"Yes, I think I look well in it!" said Margaret, admiring herself in a Psyche glass, as she spoke. "And it would be better, you know, in a habit made for me."

"And look, Margaret; I must teach you how to hold up your habit when you walk in it. Look here! You should gather it in your right hand thus, so as to let it fall in a graceful fold; do you understand?"

"Oh, yes; that is very easy," said Margaret, walking across the room, and catching the mode of doing so gracefully with admirable tact and readiness. "If the riding were only as easy as that! But Lady Farnleigh showed a *little* more of her boot in walking. I think one might venture just to let the instep be seen," she continued, putting out, as she spoke, from under the heavy folds of the habit a lovely little slender foot in its exquisite Parisian *brodequin*.

"Oh, you are beyond me, already, Margaret!" cried Kate, laughing; "I never dreamed of considering the matter so artistically. But certainly, it would be a pity to hide that foot of yours more than need be. Only, darling, that charming little French boot would hardly be the thing for our Sillshire riding, let alone walking."

"I can't bear a thick boot," said Margaret. "And Kate, don't you think that without being *trop hasardé*, one might put the hat just a *soupeon* more on the left side,—so? There, that is charming! How well the black hat goes with the *mat* white of my complexion! Does it not, now?"

And in truth, the figure at which both the girls, with Simmons behind them, were gaz-

ing in the large Psyche was as attractive a one as could well be imagined.

Just as they were thus engaged, having let the day run away till it was near dinner-time, there came a tremendous thump at the door, which made Margaret jump as if she had been struck, while it produced from Kate, to her sister's no little dismay, a laughing, "Come in, Noll! Come in, and see what we are about!"

And in the next instant, the squire, who had just returned from his shooting, was standing in the midst of all the varied display of finery which occupied every chair and other piece of furniture in the room.

"Why, girls, you are holding a regular rag-fair! What, Margy—ret! is that you? I am glad to see that riding toggery makes part of your wardrobe. That is better luck than I looked for. And upon my word, you look very well in it—very well!"

"It is my riding-habit, Noll; Margaret was only trying it on. Does it not become her? She must get one without loss of time."

"Unluckily, I have never learned to ride, papa," said Margaret.

"Oh, we shall soon teach you here, my love. We'll make a horsewoman of you, never fear! I came up to tell you what I have been doing, girls. I asked Lady Farnleigh, you know, to bring her friend, Captain Ellingham, to dinner on Friday. Well, I thought it would be neighborly to introduce him to some of the people at the same time. So I have asked the Falconers, father and son. I fell in with the old gentleman down at the Ivy Bridge, looking to see if he could find any traces of the graves of some soldiers of the garrison of Silverton Castle, that he says were buried there at the time of the civil wars. And I told Mat to ask my brother and sister-in-law. She wont come, of course. Mat is not returned yet; but we shall know at dinner whether the doctor can come. And as I was coming home by Upper Weston Coppice I met Mr. Merriton, the new man at the Friary, and asked him and his sister."

"Why, we shall have quite a large party, Noll," said Kate. "Miss Immy will say that she has not notice enough to make due preparations."

"Stuff and nonsense! What preparations are needed, beyond having plenty of dinner? I thought it a good opportunity to bring the people together and make acquaintance with

these new folks. They are friends of the Falconers; and he seems a very gentleman-like sort of fellow."

The new people thus spoken of were the owners, having quite recently become such—or rather, Mr. Merriton was the owner—of the small but exceedingly pretty and serviceable estate and mansion called the Friary, at Weston Friary. Arthur Merriton and his sister Emily had been the wards of the head of the firm who were Messrs. Falconer and Fishbourne's London correspondents; and were the children of an English merchant, settled for many years in Sicily, by an Italian wife. They had been left orphans at an early age; and had been, together with the very considerable fortune left by their father, under the care of the London banker since that time. It was only a year since Mr. Merriton had come of age. His sister was two years older, and they had recently come to live at the Friary, the purchase of which had been arranged and concluded on Mr. Merriton's behalf, by Mr. Falconer of Silverton.

"How many does that make altogether?" asked Kate, intent on getting the subject into fit shape for presentation to the mind of Miss Immy.

"I have not counted noses," answered her father; "but it can't be such a large party after all."

"Let us see. We are five at home, two gentlemen and three ladies; and Uncle Theophilus will make us up half a dozen, three and three. Lady Farnleigh and Captain Ellingham will make eight; and Mr. Merriton and his sister ten; and the gentlemen and ladies are still equal. But then come the two Mr. Falconers, and make us seven gentlemen to five ladies."

"And that will do very well. We shall be four old fellows to three youngsters: I and my brother, and Mat and old Falconer; and young Falconer, Merriton, who seems little more than a lad, and Captain Ellingham."

"Lady Farnleigh did not seem to speak of him as nearly so young a man," replied Kate; "he will be half-way between you seniors and the young men. She spoke of him more as a friend of her own standing."

"Well, her own standing is nothing so very venerable. But she mentioned the age of this Captain Ellingham. He is thirty; and Freddy Falconer is, I know, seven-and-

twenty. So there is no such great difference."

"No," said Kate; "that is very little difference. Only one has always been used to look on Freddy Falconer in the light of a young man, and a captain in His Majesty's Navy seems such a grave and staid sort of personage."

"Well, we shall see. But I protest against the mere count of years being considered to decide the question whether a man is old or not; for if that be the case, you will be making me out to be old myself, next! Well, I suppose it is pretty nearly time to go and dress for dinner."

Margaret, who had been apparently occupied during all this conversation between her father and Kate, with trying the effect of divers positions and modes of standing, as she continued to admire the becomingness of the riding-habit in the Psyche, had, nevertheless, lost no word of what had passed. And when the squire left the room, she was engaged in meditating how far the words her sister had used in speaking of Mr. Frederick Falconer might be considered as corroboratory of the half-jesting accusation Lady Farnleigh had brought against Kate, of being included in the number of those who were inclined to consider that young gentleman as a very desirable "*parti*."

"Here, then," she said, when her father was gone, "is another accession to your collection of Silverton beaux, according to what papa says. Have you ever seen this Mr. Merriton, Kate?"

"No, never; neither him, nor his sister. But I had heard of them before. I fancy they are nice people. They are quite newcomers to Silshire, and know nobody here but the Falconers."

"Do they live in Silverton?" asked Margaret.

"No, they have bought an estate at Weston Friary,—such a charming village down in the valley at the end of the water-meads, not more than a couple of miles above the town. One of our first excursions must be to Weston."

"What, to call on these people?"

"No, I meant to see the village, it is such a pretty place. But now it will be necessary, of course, to call on the new-comers; and we can do that too. The Friary is a sweetly pretty house and grounds."

"Is that the name of their place?"

"Yes. I believe it was a monastery once upon a time. If you want to win the heart of Uncle Theophilus or of old Mr. Falconer, on the spot, you have only to ask them to tell you all about it. Only they are quite sure to tell you different stories; and you will mortally offend either of them if you give credence to the story of the other."

"One must speak to them separately then," said Margaret, apparently with all seriousness. "But you said," she continued, "that it was an estate that Mr. Merriton had bought?"

"Yes, the estate is called the Friary Estate from the name of the house. It is a small estate; but full of such pretty bits of country. It is quite celebrated for its beauty in the county."

"Then I suppose Mr. Merriton must be rich; or at least a man of independent property?"

"I suppose so," answered Kate; "but I have not heard any one say anything on the subject."

And then Margaret divested herself of the riding-habit, after a last long and wistful look in the glass, and inwardly-registered vow that she would allow no disagreeables to interfere with her learning to ride as quickly as possible, and the girls proceeded to dress for dinner. And that ceremony passed somewhat more pleasantly than it had done yesterday. Margaret delighted Mr. Mat by asking him if he thought he could, and kindly would, undertake the office of riding-master on her behalf; and much talk passed between them on the subject. Then there was talk about the dinner-party on the day after the morrow. The doctor, Mr. Mat brought word, would come. But Lady Sempronia excused herself, as usual, on the plea of indifferent health. And then the excursion into Silverton for the morrow was talked about and arranged. The squire, who rarely was seen in Silverton High Street, except at times of Quarter-Sessions, or other suchlike occasions, excused himself: and Mr. Mat declared, also, that if his services were not wanted, he had much to do at home; and none of his hearers were so unkind as to ask him what it was. Miss Immy, on the other hand, declared that it was absolutely necessary that she should go to Silverton, even if she were to go alone, with a view to matters

connected with the next day's dinner. It would be absolutely necessary, she said, to send a message down to Sillmouth, if they wanted a decent bit of fish; and even so the people made a favor of it. For of late years all the best fish was sent off to London, in a way that used not to be the case when Miss Immy was young, and which she seemed to think involved much tyranny and overbearing injustice on the part of the Londoners against the "Zillshire folk."

"Come, Miss Immy," said the squire, apologetically; "the Londoners never refuse to let me have the pick of their market for my cellar."

"But fish is not wine; and wine is not fish," said Miss Immy, distinguishing and separately emphasizing the two propositions by a distinct system, as it were, of little palsied shakes of the head applied to each of them. "And I should think, Mr. Lindisfarn, that you were the only person who had ever supposed them to be so," added the old lady, with much triumph.

So it was arranged that the carriage should be ordered, and that the two young ladies should accompany Miss Immy, and should be deposited at the doctor's house in the Close, so that the new-comer might make acquaintance with her relatives, and also with Silverton, to any such extent as opportunity might be found for doing, while Miss Immy was driving about the town intent on her household cares.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARGARET'S DEBUT IN THE CLOSE.

THOMAS TIBBS, the coachman at the Chase, held as a fundamental axiom, that any man as wanted to drive from the Chase to Silverton turnpike in less than an hour and twenty-five minutes, had not no business to sit behind a gentleman's horses. If called on to pursue the subject, he was wont to do so after the same fashion of dialectic that Miss Immy had used with regard to the fish and the wine. "A gen'elman's carriage," he would justly observe, "is not His Majesty's Mail; and His Majesty's Mail is not a gen'elman's carriage—leastways, not a gen'elman's private carriage," he would add, to avoid the possibility of leading to any unfavorable conclusion as to the gentility of the first gentleman in Europe. "Whereby it's not the value of five minutes you has to look to, but

the condition of your cattle," said Thomas Tibbs. The hill up from the Ivy Bridge over the Lindisfarn Brook to the turnpike that stood just where the city wall had once crossed the present road, was a very steep pitch; and upon the whole, the hour and twenty-five minutes claimed for the work by Thomas Tibbs was not an unreasonable demand. His further unalterable allowance of five minutes from the turnpike to the door of Dr. Lindisfarn's house in the Close may seem to have been more open to exception. But Thomas Tibbs, who would have looked down with intense contempt from the altitude of a superior civilization on the Celtic endeavor to hide inefficient poverty under false brag by "keeping a trot for the avenue," maintained that "any man who knew what horses was, knew the vally of bringing 'em in cool;" and nothing could tempt him to exceed the very gentlest amble between the Silverton turnpike and the canon's door.

From which circumstance it follows that, although the Lindisfarn ladies had bustled over their breakfast in a manner that suggested the idea of a departure for the Antipodes, and Miss Immy had descended to the breakfast-room with her round brown beaver hat and green veil on, and an immense parasol, and three or four packages in her hands, and had entered the room giving a string of directions to Benson, the housekeeper, as she walked,—notwithstanding all these efforts, the cathedral service was over at Silverton, and Dr. Lindisfarn had returned to his study—it not being a Litany day—before the carriage from the Chase reached the Close.

Miss Immy refused to alight at the canon's door, alleging that the number of commissions she had to execute would leave her not a minute to spare between that time and three o'clock; at which hour it was arranged that they were to leave Silverton, in order to be in time for the squire's dinner hour at the Chase,—five o'clock extended by special grace on occasion of family progresses to Silverton to half-past five, in consequence of its being every inch collar work, as Thomas Tibbs declared, from the Ivy Bridge to the door of the Chase. The hour which Tibbs claimed as absolutely necessary for his horses to bait, Miss Immy purposed spending, as was her usual practice on similar occasions, with Miss Lasseron, the sister of a late canon of Silverton.

It was perfectly true that Miss Lasseron was the very old friend, and almost the contemporary, of Miss Immy;—true also that Miss Immy very much preferred the nice little dish of minced veal and tall ale-glass full of Miss Lasseron's home-brewed amber ale, with which her friend never failed to regale her when she needed a luncheon in Silverton, to the bit of stale cake and glass of sherry that the Lady Sempronia was wont to produce on similar occasions. Nevertheless, I suspect that Miss Immy's avoidance of the house in the Close, whenever she could decently do so, was in great part due to the small sympathy that existed between her and the Lady Sempronia. The latter dared not say in Sillshire that Miss Imogene Lindisfarn was an uneducated and vulgar old woman. But few who knew her could have had any doubt that such was pretty accurately a correct statement of her real opinion. Miss Imogene, on her side, certainly thought, and did dare to say to anybody who cared to know her mind on the subject, that Lady Sempronia was a feckless and washed-out fine lady, and very stingy to boot. And the Silverton and Sillshire world were much inclined to accept and endorse Miss Immy's opinion. Yet, as regarded the latter part of the accusation, it was hardly a fair one. The Sillshire world did not know as well as the Lady Sempronia that all her stinginess did not avail to bring Canon Lindisfarn's account with Messrs. Falconer and Fishbourne to a satisfactory balance at the end of the year. And those who had a general knowledge of that fact did not call it to mind on occasions when, in justice to the lady, they ought to have done so. It certainly was not Lady Sempronia's stinginess which induced her to drive out, on the rare occasions on which she went out at all, in a shabby old one-horse vehicle, which really made a fly from the Lindisfarn Arms look smart by comparison. And when Miss Piper, the milliner, who had her show-room over the shop of her brother, the perfumer, in the High Street, told ill-natured stories among her customers of the impossible feats she was required by Lady Sempronia to perform, in the way of producing accurate imitations of the new French fashions from materials that had already undergone more than one metamorphosis, it can hardly be doubted that the poor lady would have preferred ordering a new silk, had the choice of

doing so been open to her. It was all very well, as Lady Sempronia had been heard to say, for those to talk whose husbands cared for their families more than for stones and old bones, and all sorts of rubbish; and who were content with reading what other people had printed instead of printing their own! And no doubt there was an amount of truth in these lamentations which ought to have obtained for them a greater degree of sympathy than was generally shown to Lady Sempronia. But she was not a popular person at Silverton. And all these things were "trials" to her ladyship. Life indeed seemed to shape itself to her feeling and mode of thought as one great and perpetual "trial;" and upon the whole she seemed generally to be getting the worst of it.

Kate and Margaret were shown into a long, low drawing-room, looking from its three windows into the extremely pretty garden behind the house. There was an old-fashioned drab-colored Brussels carpet on the floor, an old-fashioned drab-colored paper on the walls, and old-fashioned drab moreen curtains bound with black velvet hung on each side of three windows. Nevertheless, it was, in right of the outlook into the garden and up the exquisitely-kept turf of the steep bank that ran up to a considerable height against the fragment of gray old city wall, and was topped by a terrace-walk running under the rose-clothed southern face of it,—in right, I say, of these advantages, Lady Sempronia's drawing-room was a pretty and pleasant room; though Kate used to say that it always used to make her feel afraid of speaking above her breath, when she came into it. The world, she said, seemed always asleep there.

There was nobody in the room when the two girls entered it, and the servant went to call his mistress.

"*Oh, que c'est triste!*" exclaimed Margaret, as she looked around. "I should die if I were made to inhabit such a room. *C'est d'une tristesse écrasante!*"

"And I am afraid poor Aunt Sempronia does not live a very gay life in it. Yet I do not dislike the room. Look at the garden! Can anything be conceived more peacefully lovely!" said Kate.

"*C'est à mourir d'ennui!*" said Margaret. The two girls were standing looking out of the window with their backs to the door, as

Margaret spoke, and had not heard the noiseless step of Lady Sempronia as she crossed the room toward them. It was evident that she must have heard Margaret's criticism on her dwelling; and the utterer of it felt no little embarrassment at the consciousness that such must have been the case. But, as it seemed, she could not have presented herself to her aunt in a manner more congenial to that lady's feelings.

Margaret blushed deeply, as she performed to Lady Sempronia one of her usual elaborate courtesies, while Kate spoke a few words of introduction. But her aunt, taking her kindly by the hand, said,—

"Come and sit by me on this sofa, my love. It is a pleasure to find at least one member of the family, who can sympathize with some, at all events, of the trials I am called on to struggle against. It is as you say, Margaret; *c'est à mourir d'ennui!* But, unfortunately, *ennui* kills slowly. It has done its work on me in the course of years, my dear. And yet Kate bids me be cheerful,—cheerful in such an atmosphere as this!"

Lady Sempronia certainly did look like one on whom *ennui*, or some such form of mental atrophy, had, as she said, done its work. Miss Immy called it looking "washed out;" and perhaps that phrase may give as good an idea of Lady Sempronia's appearance as her own more refined one. Hers was a tall and remarkably slender figure, with a long face, the thinness of which was made yet thinner in appearance by two long, cork-screw curls of very dull, unshining-looking light-brown hair hanging on either side of it. She had a high-bridged Roman nose, and a tall, narrow forehead, adorned by a "front," which life-weariness had caused to be so unartistically put on, that it hardly made any pretence of being other than it was.

"There can be no doubt that excess of quietude is often very trying to the spirits," replied Margaret, sympathizingly.

"Trying!" exclaimed Lady Sempronia; "indeed, you may say so! Few persons in my station of life have had so many trials as I have, my dear niece. But you, too, have had your trials. It must have been a very severe one to be called on to relinquish Paris to come and live in this remote solitude,—a very great trial. Do you feel the change very painfully?"

"The change is a very great one, cer-

tainly," said Margaret, who, remembering that her sister was present, though Lady Sempronia seemed to have forgotten it, could not respond as completely to her aunt's invitation to bemoan herself as she would have been happy to do under other circumstances.

"You will find, my dear, as life goes on, that it is made up of a series of trials. Those who expect to find it otherwise," continued the melancholy lady, with a mild glance of reproach at Kate's face, which was most unsympathetically beaming with health and brightness and happiness,—“those who expect to find it otherwise are but laying up for themselves a harvest of delusions and disappointments. There is to me no more melancholy sight than that of inexperienced youth, rushing forward, as it were, to meet the inevitable trials that await it, in utter unconsciousness of its fate.”

"Why, that is just what the poet says, aunt!" cried Kate, with a smile entirely undimmed by any terror at the tremendous prospect before her.

"Alas! unconscious of their doom
The little victims play.
No sense have they of ills to come;
No care beyond to-day."

"I am glad to see that you are acquainted with the lines, my dear. They are very, very sad ones. You remember how the poet goes on:—

"Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!"

The following stanzas are very instructive. And the whole poem—it is very short, too short, indeed—would be exceedingly advantageous reading for a young person, every night before going to bed."

"The last lines," continued Kate, "are particularly impressive.

"Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too quickly flies,
... where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise!"

"Words uttered in the bitter irony of a broken heart," said Lady Sempronia, with a profound sigh; "and which it would be folly indeed to take *au sérieux!* Tell me, my dear," she added, turning to Margaret, "do you not feel the change from the scenes in which you passed your childhood, to the comparative solitude of your present home, very trying to your spirits!"

"I was certainly very happy in Paris; and Madame de Renneville and the baron were very kind to me," said Margaret, while a tear trembled in her fine eyes, gathered there not by the words which had been spoken, nor by any ideas called to her mind by them, so much as by the deep tragic tones and profoundly dispirited manner of her aunt. It was a tribute to Lady Sempronia's sorrows and to her eloquence, to which that lady was keenly sensible; and she already began to feel that her newly-discovered niece was a highly cultivated and charming girl, on whom she might count for sympathy with her in her many sorrows.

Lady Sempronia was very fond of talking of these: indeed, she rarely spoke much on any other subject. But it was remarkable that she never spoke of the one great sorrow, which really was such as to justify her in considering her entire life to have been overshadowed by it. She never alluded to her lost son. That grief was too real, too sacred for idle talk. But of her poverty, her bodily ailments, the misbehavior of the canon in various ways, his absence of mind, his extravagance, his antiquarian tastes, of the troubles arising from the turpitude of all sorts of servants, she would discourse at any length.

"And now, my dear," she said, after some further indulgence in her usual slipshod talk on the miseries of the world in general, and of her own lot in it in particular, "now I suppose you are anxious to make acquaintance with your uncle, the canon. The meeting with a hitherto unknown relative may, in some exceptional cases, be the finding of a congenial and sympathetic heart. But it is far more likely to prove a severe trial." Margaret could not help being struck, as her aunt spoke, with the justness of her observation: but she was not prepared for the candor of what was about to follow.

"It would not be right," continued the lady Sempronia, "if I were to omit to warn you that the meeting with your uncle is likely to prove a severe trial."

"Dear aunt," expostulated Kate, "I am sure Margaret will love Uncle Theophilus as much as we all do, when she gets to know him."

"My dear!" said Lady Sempronia, turning on her with some little sharpness, "it is

my practice always, both for myself and for those who are dear to me, to prepare against disappointments. It is long since I have been disappointed in anything, and a certain amount of peace of mind may be thus attained. With regard to your uncle, my dear Margaret, we who do know him, as your sister says, are perfectly well aware of the many great and good qualities which he possesses; but it is nevertheless true, that your first introduction to him may prove a trial. Dr. Lindisfarn is a very learned man,—a man of immense erudition! Nevertheless, when he comes in to dinner with his surplice on, under the impression that he is entering the choir for morning service, it is a trial; I confess that to me it is a trial. Your uncle has acquired the high esteem of the whole county, and has received the public thanks of the Chapter for his contributions in time, in knowledge, and in money, to the repair of the ceiling of the cathedral transept. But when I reflect that a small portion of the money so spent would have supplied—among many other matters—the new carpet, which you see, my dear, is so sadly needed for the drawing-room, it is, I do not deny it, a severe trial. When I speak to the doctor upon any subject of domestic interest, and he answers me as if I were talking of things or people of five hundred years or more ago, I do own that it is a very painful trial. In short, my dear, it were weak to conceal from you that in all connected with Dr. Lindisfarn [a very deep and prolonged sigh inserted here] there are many and very grievous trials. And this being the case, it was, I think, my duty to warn you that you would find it *to be* the case. The duty of doing so has been a trial to me; but I would not shrink from it."

"It has been very kind of you, aunt; and I assure you that I am not insensible to it," murmured Margaret.

"I suppose Uncle Theophilus has his trials too, for that matter," said Kate.

"I have no reason to think Dr. Lindisfarn exempted from the common lot of humanity," returned Lady Sempronia, with a certain degree of acidity in her manner, yet in a tone of extreme meekness, such as might be supposed the result of long-suffering. "Shall we go to the study?" she added: "Dr. Lindisfarn does not like to be called into the drawing-room."

So the three ladies proceeded together to

the canon's study. To do this they were obliged to return from the drawing-room into the hall; for, though the study adjoined the latter, there was no door of communication between them. It was a very long room, occupying the entire depth of the house, and lighted by one large bow-window looking into the garden, and by a small window at the opposite end of it looking into the Close. The door opening into the hall was on the left hand of one looking toward the garden, and was near the Close end of the room, so that it was but a step from the hall-door to that of the study. The fireplace was on the opposite side of the room, not in the middle of the wall, but much nearer the garden end; and a double bookshelf, or rather two bookshelves back to back, stood out about two-thirds of the space across the room, so as to partially divide it into two rooms, of which that toward the garden was nearly twice as large as the other. Those dividing shelves abutted against the wall opposite the door, so that a person entering could see the entire length of the room; but one sitting near the fire could not see the door, nor be seen from it. The fireplace was merely an open hearth, prepared for burning wood, and furnished with a pair of antique-shaped andirons; for the canon chose to burn exclusively wood in his study, despite the discontent and remonstrances of Lady Sempronia, who declared that the room could be well warmed with coal at very much less cost than it was half warmed with wood. The question of the comparative expense had formed the subject of many a long dispute between them, till the doctor, who, in defence of his own position, had drawn up an exceedingly learned and exhaustive memoir on the progressive difference between the cost of wood and coals from the earliest use of the latter fuel, had spoken on one occasion of the expediency of giving his monograph to the public, as one of the publications of the Sillshire Society. From that time forth the Lady Sempronia, who knew too well that the cost of printing the monograph would more than supply the study fire with wood to the end of the doctor's days, had been silent on the subject.

The exceeding length of the room made the lowness of the ceiling, which the study shared with all the other rooms on the ground floor, seem still lower; and the quantity of heterogeneous articles with which the space was en-

cumbered increased the lumber-room like appearance which on first entering impressed itself on a visitor's mind.

Immediately in front of the door, by the side of the window looking into the Close, there was a lay figure, on the shoulders of which were the doctor's surplice, hood, and scarf, and on its head his trencher cap. This somewhat startling ecclesiastical presentation was a device of the doctor's own invention, the object of which was to prevent him, if possible, from forgetting to take off the above-mentioned canonicals when he returned from morning and evening service in the choir. Again and again it had occurred to him to proceed directly to whatever occupation in his study was uppermost in his mind—and had been so, it may be feared, during the hour spent in the choir—without divesting himself of any of these garments. And as the occupations were often of a nature involving contact with dusty tomes and dustier relics of antiquity,—and, as even when this was not the case, the doctor, finding the folds of his surplice under his hand very convenient for the purpose, was apt to wipe either his pen or the dust with them, as the case might require,—considerable inconvenience arose from the neglect. At length it occurred to him that if he had, standing immediately before his eyes, as he entered his room, such a representative of himself, as it were, which he would be always accustomed to see at all other times of the day dressed in full canonicals, and which, when thus presenting itself to him naked, would seem to ask for its usual clothing, he could not fail to be reminded of what he had first to do, before returning to his studies. And the scheme had answered well, except as regarded the bands; and that small article of church costume mattered less. The only evil arising from forgetfulness in this particular, was, that it sometimes happened that the doctor came to his dinner-table with two or even three pairs of bands around his neck, one falling over his coat collar behind, another under one of his ears, and a third in its proper position; for they would wriggle round his neck, and as it never occurred to him to imagine that any such phenomenon could have taken place, when on going to church he found no bands in front, he would put on a pair without any inquiry respecting the disappearance of their predecessors.

The doctor always wore gold spectacles; and as his habits made it absolutely necessary for him to possess three or four pairs of these, a similarly monstrous hyper-development would occur in respect to them, as in the matter of the bands; for, when one pair had by accident, or by the action of his hand when raised to his brow in thought, been pushed up out of their proper place on to his forehead, he never thought of looking, or rather feeling for them there, but forthwith put on a second pair. Lady Sempronia declared that she had seen her husband with one pair on the top of his bald head, another across his forehead, and a third in their proper position, and protested that the melancholy and monstrous sight had been a particularly severe trial to her.

The study was, like that of other gentlemen of similar tastes, crammed full of all sorts of queer odds and ends, which were regarded with much aversion by the Lady Sempronia. But there was one peculiar feature in the contents of the room which stirred up her bile, and grieved her heart to a much greater degree. This was the long rows of the paper-bound volumes of the different memoirs which her lord and master had contributed to the Silverton Archæological Club. It must be admitted, unhappily, that the rows were very long. By the help of the cross-shelves, which have been mentioned as standing out across the room, the study afforded accommodation for a very considerable number of books. But alas! the inner side of these shelves, or that looking toward the garden window, was almost entirely occupied by those costly and learned publications. It is true that the mass of them diminished gradually; but the process was a very slow one. And the long rows of identically similar volumes were a sore offence to poor Lady Sempronia's eyes. The doctor did his best to get rid of them; for no visitor, who could by any possibility be supposed to take any interest in such matters, left the house without a presentation copy of one or more of them. But at length it came to pass that the satisfactory disappearance of the volumes led to an alarmingly unsatisfactory result. The stock in hand of the canon's "Memoir on Panelled Ceilings in Coffer-work as Exemplified in Buildings of the Norman and Ante-Norman Period," began to run so low, that visions of a second edition began to

float before the author's mind, to the unspeakable horror of Lady Sempronia. It had been the most expensive of all the doctor's publications, for colored lithograph illustrations had been found absolutely necessary. And the first hint that the learned world would probably expect a second edition of that highly appreciated work had been one of Lady Sempronia's severest trials. The rest of the hated volumes, of which in her unforeseeing ignorance she had watched the gradual disappearance with satisfaction, suddenly became valuable in her eyes; and she adopted every means of preserving and husbanding the precious remainder of them. She had never before condescended to know even the titles of any of the canon's publications. But now, whenever there was any probability that the doctor would offer any of his works to a visitor, Lady Sempronia would interpose with, "Not the Coffer-work Ceilings, Dr. Lindisfarn. You have only one copy left!" And in fact but one copy remained on the study shelves; for on the first appearance of the danger, the lady had gradually carried off to her secret bower two or three copies at a time, all the remainder of the edition, to be produced, if need were, one at a time, and always under protest, so as to stave off the evil day when the doctor should be able to declare that the work was absolutely out of print.

The canon, though shorter and smaller than his brother, had been a well-looking man in his day. He had a high, delicately formed nose, a particularly well-cut and finely-shaped mouth, and a classical outline of features generally. Though very bald, and limping a little in his gait, in consequence of a fall from a ladder in the cathedral, when he had been engaged in directing and superintending some restorations of his beloved church, he was still a very distinguished-looking man. He always wore a large quantity of snow-white but perfectly limp and unstarched muslin, wound round and round his throat, and a large prominent shirt-frill protruding between the sides of his black waistcoat. A black body-coat, very wide in the skirt, black breeches, black silk stockings, somewhat negligently drawn over very handsome legs, gold knee and shoe buckles, which Lady Sempronia in vain strove to induce him to discard in favor of the more modern fashion of shoe-ties, completed his costume.

Margaret was a little startled on entering the study to see a figure in full canonicals and trencher cap motionless in front of her, and gave a perceptible little jump.

"No, dear," said Kate, "that is not Uncle Theophilus. That is only Canon Lindisfarn. May we come in, uncle?" she continued; "I know you are in your old corner behind the books there. Aunt and I have brought Margaret to see you."

"Come in, Kate, come in!" said a voice from behind the screen of books. "You are always welcome, my dear. But who is Margaret you speak of?"

"Why your niece, to be sure," cried Kate, leading the way round the screen, while Lady Sempronia whispered to Margaret, as they followed,—

"I told you it would be a trial, my dear."

"Don't you remember that you have a niece just returned from Paris?" continued Kate.

"To be sure I do! to be sure I do—now you mention it. Welcome to England, and welcome to Silverton, and welcome to Silverton Close, my dear! What a happiness it must be to you to find yourself at home once again!"

"It is a great pleasure, sir, to become personally acquainted with relatives, whom I have already learnt to venerate," said Margaret.

"I can't think," said the canon, after looking at Margaret in an earnest and yet wool-gathering sort of manner,—“I can't think for the life of me, who it is she reminds me of. There is some face in my memory that hers seems to recall to me.”

"They say we Lindisfarns are all more or less alike," interposed Kate, fearing whither her uncle's remembrances might be leading him; "and all the people up at the Chase declare that Margaret and I are as much alike as two peas."

"Then I am sure they do you great injustice, sister," said Margaret, eagerly. "How can they compare your fresh-colored face to my poor white cheeks? I do not know how I came by them. It is just as if they had coquettishly fashioned themselves to please the people they grew among. For the Parisians admire white faces and not red ones. But I am sure I envy Kate's roses."

"There are white roses and red roses," said the canon, "and I'm sure I don't know that

anybody ever yet decided that one was more beautiful than the other."

"Talking of roses, by the by," said Kate, who did not like the turn the conversation was taking, "what about the cuttings you were to prepare for me, aunt? Suppose you and I go and look after them in the garden, and leave my uncle and Margaret to complete their acquaintance."

Kate was desperately afraid that the canon's half-recalled memories, which she had little doubt had been roused by a likeness between her sister and Julian, would stumble on, till they blundered on something which might throw Lady Sempronia into a fit of hysterics, and send her to bed for a week; and was anxious, therefore, to get her out of the danger. And her aunt, who never felt particularly comfortable or happy in the study, yielded at once to Kate's lead, merely saying to the doctor, as she left the room,—

"Not a copy of the Coffer-work Ceilings, Dr. Lindisfarn; remember you have but one copy left!"

"Lady Sempronia is reminding me," said the canon, in reply to a look of inquiry from Margaret, when they were left alone together, "that I must not offer you a copy of one of my little works, which has been so successful with the public that it is nearly exhausted. But the caution can hardly be needed; for it can scarcely be expected that a young lady should interest herself in matters of antiquarian research."

"Oh! there you are wrong, uncle," cried Margaret, who always was a far glibber talker in a *tête-à-tête*, be it with whom it might, than under any other circumstances. "And specially you do me wrong; for I take particular interest in all such matters. *J'aimé la rococo à la folie!*" she added, clasping her admirably gloved hands together, bending her graceful figure a little forward, and throwing an expression of intense enthusiasm into her beautiful eyes.

The doctor, though a competent reader of French, was by no means a sufficiently instructed student of French things and phrases to be aware of the amount of distance lying between a Parisian lady's love for "*rococo*," and a taste for antiquarian research. But he knew very well, that he had never seen anything more lovely than his niece looked as she made her profession of admiration for his favorite studies.

"I really think," he said, in the zeal of his delight at the prospect of such a disciple, "that the last copy of my dissertation on Coffer-work Ceilings could find no more worthy destination than the shelf which holds your own special books, my dear. The book is now a rare one; and will, I doubt not, be there in good company."

"Not for the world, uncle, not for the world! I shall come here and ask you some day to lend me your own copy for a quiet hour in the garden. But I would not for any consideration carry off a copy which you will surely need to give to some great man of learning. Besides, what would Lady Sempronia say? But there was a subject about which I was very anxious to ask you; for I can get no information up at the Chase. Is it not true that the mansion called the Friary at Weston was once a monastery? I *should* so like to know all the history of it!"

"And I should so like to tell you," cried the canon, in the greatest glee. "You are quite right, my dear girl. It is one of the most interesting places in the county! Indeed, I have thought for some time past of making it the subject of a monograph."

Margaret had not the remotest conception of the meaning of a "monograph;" nor was she aware how safely she might have simply avowed her unacquaintance with the word, without pleading guilty to any very disgraceful ignorance; but she thought she might say,—

"Oh, that would be delightful, uncle! But what I should like best of all, if it were possible, would be to visit the spot with you,—you and I together, you know, so that you might explain everything to one."

"And why not? Nothing more easy! I have not yet made acquaintance, by the by, with the new owners of the place."

"Oh, that you will do to-morrow, uncle. Mr. and Miss Merriton are to dine with us. You will meet them, you know. And then I shall very soon afterward come to claim your promise of a day at the Friary."

"And I shall be delighted to keep it. Perhaps if I decide on writing on the subject, you might assist me with your pencil. Do you draw, my dear?"

"Yes, I have learned. I can draw a little. I should be so glad to be permitted to be of use. To study, and be directed by you, uncle, would be so delightful."

"And what could give me greater pleasure than to direct your studies? We will attack the Friary together. It really ought to be illustrated, the more so that I am not unaware that there are sciolists in this very city of Silverton, who hold some most absurd notions respecting certain portions of the ancient buildings. Yes, yes, my dear, with my pen and your pencil, we will attack the Friary together. To think of your having already cast your eye on the most interesting bit of antiquity in the county, you puss!"

And then Lady Sempronia and Kate came and tapped at the window from the garden; and the former told Margaret to come and have some luncheon in the parlor. And the doctor dismissed his newly found niece with the profound conviction that she was not only the flower of the family, but the most charming, the most highly gifted, and by far the most intelligent girl it had ever been his lot to meet with.

"Well, how did you and uncle get on together?" asked Kate. "Did you make friends!"

"I hope so," said Margaret; "as far as a learned man could with a very ignorant young girl. He was very kind to me."

"Did he offer to give you any of his books?" asked Lady Sempronia, well aware of the channel by which the doctor's kindness was wont to manifest itself.

"Yes, aunt. He was generous enough to offer me the last copy of his memoir on Ceiling-work Coffers. But of course, after what you had said, I would not let him do anything of the kind. What a pity it is that such an excellent man as my dear uncle should fail to recognize the good sense of abstaining from wasting his money on such things!"

And then the carriage came to the door with Miss Immy, precisely at three o'clock; and that very punctual lady sent in a message to Lady Sempronia, regretting that the immense amount of business she had had to transact in Silverton had made it impossible for her to leave herself time enough to alight—setting forth the absolute necessity of being at the Chase and dressed for dinner in time, not to keep the squire waiting beyond the half-hour of grace allowed them, and begging the young ladies to come out without delay.

So then there was a kissing bout, and Lady

Sempronia turned to kiss Margaret a second time, as she was leaving the room, while Kate was already hurrying across the hall to the carriage, and as she pressed her hand, trusted that they should see much of each other.

"Perhaps the house in the Close, and such little distractions as Silverton could offer,—dull enough though they generally were, God knew,—might sometimes be a change from the profound seclusion and monotony of the Chase."

And, "*Ah, ma tante! Comme vous êtes bonne pour moi, vous!*"

And so upon the whole (putting out of the question, of course, the tender affection of her father and sister), Margaret's *début* at the house in the Close had been a more successful one than at the Chase.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARTY AT THE CHASE.

MISS IMMY considered "a trial" to be a matter inseparably connected with the Assizes, and in some less perfectly understood manner dependent on Quarter Sessions. She never used or understood the word in any other sense (unless as meaning simply an attempt); and in her own private opinion, uncommunicated to any human being, she attributed Lady Sempronia's constant use of the term to the shocking and fearful impression which had been made upon her especially weak mind (as Miss Immy considered it) by the idea of the thing, at the terrible time when it was a question whether her own son might not have to undergo the ordeal of it. Miss Immy had no idea that she herself had any trials, or she certainly might have considered it to be one, when, on the next morning, the morning of the party, it was made evident at breakfast that the squire had entirely forgotten all about it.

"Would you be so kind, Mr. Mat, as to mention to Mr. Lindisfarn, once every half-hour during the day, that he has to entertain friends at dinner to-day, and that he will get no dinner before six o'clock?"

"I'll try and remember it, Miss Immy, this time," said the squire, laughing; "and if I don't, it will be my punishment to expect my dinner at five and have to wait an hour for it,—a penalty that might suffice for a worse crime!"

And then the squire took his gun, and calling to the dogs to join him, was seen no

more till he met his guests in the drawing-room.

Miss Immy had very many things on her mind, and was in a state of much bustle and business-like energy all day. She was wont very scornfully to repudiate the new-fangled heresy, which teaches that the genteel mistress of a family should disavow any labors of the kind, and be supposed to delegate all such cares to subordinate ministers—existing in the Olympus of the drawing-room in a very Epicurean and non-providential condition of godship. She had been irritated by such affectations on the part of others—of Lady Sempronia especially—into a habit of making a special boast before her guests of the part she had personally taken in caring for their entertainment; and it was observable that on such occasions, she always spoke in her broadest Sillshire Doric.

Kate, on whom none of these cares fell, had her day at her disposition, and to Margaret's great surprise proposed to Mr. Mat a ride to Sillmouth. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and she should like, she said, a gallop on the sands to see the big waves rolling in. Mr. Mat was always ready for a ride with Kate; so Birdie was saddled, and away they went.

"Surely, it is a bad day to choose for such a ride," said Margaret.

"Just the day made for it!" cried Kate. "I know our Sillshire coast; and I know what a tide there will be tumbling in with this wind."

"Yes, I dare say; but you will come back with your face as red as beet-root, and people coming here this evening! Besides, I wanted to consult you about a hundred things."

"Oh, my face must take its chance, as it always does. And we can talk as much as we like to-morrow. We shall have all the morning before going over to Wanstraw."

"To-morrow! but I wanted to talk about my dress for this evening," pouted Margaret.

"Your dress! but you have got such lots of beautiful things. Any one will do."

"Any one! That's very easily said. But it depends on so many things."

It was very natural that Kate, who was going to meet only old friends, with the exception of Captain Ellingham and the Merri-tons, and who was going to do nothing but what she was perfectly well used to, should

feel more at her ease about the event of the evening than Margaret, who was going to make her first appearance at an English dinner-party among a roomful of strangers. But the "so many things" that Margaret spoke of included sundry considerations and speculations of a kind that had never entered the English-bred girl's philosophy.

"But I shall be home in plenty of time to dress," she said in answer to her sister's last remonstrance; "and then we can settle what dress you shall wear."

So Kate rode off; and Margaret was left to meditate on her evening "trials" in solitude, broken only by the not altogether sympathizing companionship of Simmons.

Had it entered into Kate's head to imagine that the morning would appear tedious to Margaret, she would not have left her. But it was so much the habit of the family to go each one his own way, and she was so used to being left alone to her own morning occupations herself, that it never occurred to her that it was necessary to stay at home because her sister did.

Nor did it seem that her counsel was really needed in the matter of the dress; or at all events, was so urgently needed as to be waited for; for when she returned from her ride she found the great question decided, and every article of Margaret's evening toilet carefully laid out on her bed.

Kate did return from her seaside gallop with her face not only red but rough; for her ride had answered her expectations to the utmost; and not only the boisterous southwest wind, but the salt spray also had lashed her cheeks. And it needs a painful effort of impartial truthfulness in a chronicler, who owns a very strong special liking for Kate Lindisfarn, to admit that this was not the only respect in which the advantage was with Margaret, when the two girls went down to the drawing-room. Margaret's dress was the production of a Parisian artist, and fitted her fine shape as smoothly and somewhat more tightly than her skin. Kate's, alas! was but the *chef-d'œuvre* of Miss Piper, the Silvertown milliner. It was a pretty light-blue silk dress, a shade or two lighter than the wearer's eyes, which, whatever her complexion may have been, were decidedly none the worse for her ride. They danced and laughed, and flashed with health and good humor and high spirits. Blue was Kate's

favorite color, and it always became her well. But Miss Piper's handiwork did not escape Margaret's criticism in more respects than one; and it must be admitted that the young lady was a very competent critic.

"What will become of me, if I am to wear dresses made by the person who made that?" cried she. "Why, it fits about as well as a sack, Kate, here under the arms. It makes your waist look thick, or rather gives you no waist at all! And you must admit that it is cut odiously round the shoulders."

"Poor Miss Piper!" said Kate, laughing. "She thought that she surpassed herself when she turned out this dress; and I thought it a very pretty one myself. But I can see very well that it does not fit like yours. And then, you know, I have not such a slender waist as yours; we proved that by the riding-habit. And as for the shoulders, I suppose it is cut about as low as they are worn hereabouts. We are provincial folks, you know. But you may depend upon it, we are not so ignorant, any of us, as not to see how exquisitely dressed you are. I never saw such a fit. And how it becomes you!"

Margaret was in truth looking exceedingly lovely. She had selected a black silk dress; perhaps from having been led to think of the ivory whiteness of her own skin in connection with her prognostications of the effect of the morning's ride on her sister's. At all events, the choice was a judicious one. Not only the complexion of the face, but the perfect creamy whiteness of the magnificent throat, and as much as could be seen of the shoulders, was shown off to the utmost advantage by the dark folds of the material in juxtaposition with it. As before, Kate wore her beautiful hair in ringlets, while Margaret's somewhat darker locks were, quite unusually for Silleshire, bound tightly around her small classically shaped head, not only displaying to advantage the beauty of it, but adding in appearance to her height. Kate was in fact the taller of the two girls. But what with this difference of headdress, what with her somewhat more slender figure, and what with the additional advantage given to this by the cut and admirable fitting of her dress, anybody who had seen the two otherwise than absolutely side by side, would have said that Margaret had the advantage. Kate wore white silk stockings and kid shoes: Margaret, black silk—of that very fine and

gauzy quality which allows a sufficiency of the whiteness of the skin beneath to shine through the thin covering to turn the black almost to gray—and black satin shoes. And here again, alas! she had the advantage over our Sillshire Kate. And men will be so stupid in these matters! I would lay a wager that either Captain Ellingham, Fred Falconer, or Mr. Merriton, the latter especially,—he was the youngest,—would have said the next morning that Margaret had the prettier foot; whereas all that could have been said in justice was that she had the prettier shoe. In this matter Sillshire could not compete with Paris. And it may be possible that the active habits of Sillshire life had added something to the muscular development, and therefore to the thickness of the country-bred foot, which had done more walking, running, jumping, riding, swimming in its life than any score of Parisian young ladies' feet. At all events, the exquisitely beautiful slenderness of the by no means short but well-formed foot and high, arched instep, which showed itself beneath the folds of Margaret's black dress, was shown to the greatest possible advantage by the skill of the Parisian Melnotte of that day.

Upon the whole, the contrasted style of their dresses added so much to the real differences between the two girls, and the contrasted style of their manner added so much more, that no stranger would have guessed them to be sisters, much less twins. As to this latter matter of bearing, gait, and all the innumerable and indescribable little details which make up what is called manner, there was more room for difference of opinion. Every man admires a Parisian dress or shoe more than a Sillshire one; but some men—and not Sillshire men only—may prefer the Lindisfarn-bred to the *Chassée-d'Antin*-bred manner. Margaret herself, however, had no doubt at all upon this department of the question, any more than upon the other. And her last final glance at the Psyche glass in her chamber sent her down-stairs by Kate's side in high good-humor.

When they entered the drawing-room, they found Miss Immy and Mr. Mat, with Lady Farnleigh and Captain Ellingham. The squire had not yet come into the room. There was a fire in the grate; for, though it had been hitherto lovely September weather, the day had been boisterous and windy,—the first

foretaste of autumn. Lady Farnleigh and Miss Immy were sitting near the fire, and discussing a method, said to be infallible, for keeping eggs fresh longer than any other way; and Miss Immy was declaring her conviction that a fresh-laid egg was a fresh-laid, and a stale egg a stale egg, despite all the cleverness and contrivances in the world. Mr. Mat and Captain Ellingham were talking in the embrasure of a window near the door. When the girls came in, however, and went to join the ladies on the rug before the fire, the two gentlemen came forward, and Captain Ellingham was presented by Lady Farnleigh to both the young ladies. There was not the slightest difference in her manner in either case; but she introduced the stranger first to Kate. And a slight shade passed over Margaret's heart, not over her face,—*pas si bête!*—as the reflection occurred to her that Kate had no right to be treated as if she were the elder sister.

Margaret saw enough of the captain with half a glance, however, to make up her mind at once that as far as he was concerned, any little matter of this kind was of small importance to her. Knowing how poor a man Captain Ellingham was, it was quite a satisfaction to her—almost, one might say, a relief—to find that no amount of dangerous attractiveness had been thrown away upon him. And yet all women, and even all young girls, would not have been at all disposed to subscribe to Margaret's opinion on this point. Captain Ellingham was one of those men who seem to impersonate the *beau-ideal* of their calling. He looked exactly what he was,—every inch a sailor. He was of middling height, very broad in the shoulders, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh on him. His coal-black hair and whiskers, of which he wore rather more than was at that time usual among landmen, were already beginning to be slightly streaked with gray. His cheek was dark by nature, and bronzed by exposure to weather. The large, good-humored mouth, showing every time he smiled a set of magnificently regular teeth, was supported by a massive square chin, the fleshlessness of which, and of the jaw behind it, caused the lower edge of the latter to show an angle as clean and well-defined as the right angle of a square piece of iron; and it looked as hard and firm as that. But the eyes were the principal feature of his face. They were large

brown eyes, which, when they looked anybody in the face without any reason for special expression, gave the impression that nothing could ever make them wink. When they were under the influence of any particular attitude of mind, it was strange how varied, and indeed how contradictory, the expression of them could be. Men said—his own men, the crew of his ship especially—that Captain Ellingham had the eye of a hawk. Others said—not men so much—that Captain Ellingham had an eye like a stag. For the rest he had that sort of quick, decided manner, and that extra and superfluous amount of movement in his bearing, gait, and action, which is apt to characterize temperaments of great energy and nervous excitability. Upon the whole, one might say that Captain Ellingham was not, perhaps, a man to fall over head and ears in love with at first sight, but one with whom it would be very specially difficult to struggle out of love again, if once an adventurous heart should have advanced far enough to begin to feel the power of attraction.

Captain Ellingham, on his side, was one of those men particularly apt to fall in love, as it is called, at first sight, but not irretrievably so. There was too much depth of character, too much caution, too much shrewd common sense, and too strong an admiration for, and cleaving to, and need of, nobleness and goodness for that. So that, in point of fact, his tendency to love at first sight amounted to little more than great susceptibility to every form of female charm, joined to that proneness to poetize each manifestation of it into a conformity with his own ideal, which generally characterizes such temperaments.

Lady Farnleigh's spirit, if any amount of "medium" power could cause it to look over the writer's shoulder as the words are formed by his pen—(would that it could do so! ah, would that it could!)—Lady Farnleigh's spirit, I say, would be very angry at the breach of confidence. But the fact was that, as they returned together in her ladyship's carriage to Wanstrow that night, Captain Ellingham admitted that, of the two charming girls he had seen, he had been most struck by that exquisitely lovely sylph in black;—certainly the most beautiful creature he had ever seen! Whereupon that somewhat free-spoken lady had told him that he was a great

goose, and knew about as much of women as she did of haulyards and marlingspikes.

Very short time, however, was allowed him for any quiet comparison of the two Lindisfarn lasses, before the rest of the guests began to arrive. The first comers were old Mr. Falconer and his son. The latter is already in some degree known to the reader. The first thing that struck one in the former, was his adherence to the then all but obsolete fashion of wearing a *queue*, or pigtail, and powder. He was a tall, florid, well-preserved old gentleman, somewhere between sixty and seventy, who, having lived among the clergy of a cathedral city all his life, had acquired naturally in a great degree, and affected in a still greater, a clerical tone of manners and sentiments. Nothing pleased old Mr. Falconer more than to be mistaken for a clergyman.

Mr. Freddy, whose drawing-room get-up was in all respects on a par with that of his morning hours, and on a level with his reputation, after he had greeted, with salutations accurately and gracefully adapted to the special fitness of each particular case, all his old acquaintances, was of course presented first to Margaret and afterward to Captain Ellingham;—the first by Kate, with a very gracious "My sister, Mr. Falconer. Your Parisian reminiscences [Mr. Freddy had spent a winter in Paris] will make you seem almost more like an old acquaintance than any other of her Sillshire friends." The other introduction was performed less graciously by Lady Farnleigh, as thus: "Mr. Falconer, the Honorable Mr. Ellingham, in command of His Majesty's Revenue Cutter, the Petrel, on the Sillmouth station."

Lady Farnleigh always called Lieutenant Ellingham Captain, like all the rest of the world. I do not know why she chose not to do so on this occasion; and I suppose that Freddy Falconer could not have told why either. But he observed it; and hated Lady Farnleigh for it more than he did before. It was because he hated her, and not, to do him justice, from any vulgar reverence for her superior rank, that his bow to her had been markedly lower than to any other person in the room.

Next arrived Dr. Theophilus Lindisfarn, bringing with him, not indeed the precious memoir on Coffin-work Ceilings, but another, on "The Course and Traces of the Ancient

City Walls of Silverton," as an offering to Margaret, the ceremonious presentation of which before the assembled company, and the consequent pouncing on her by old Mr. Falconer, not a little disgusted that sylphlike creature, and wreaked on her some measure of punishment for the false pretences which had brought it upon her. She had reason to suspect, too, that there was more of the same sort of annoyance in store for her; for the canon had entered the room bearing in his hands a carefully packed and sealed brown-paper parcel, looking very much like a brick in size and shape, which he had carefully deposited on a side-table, saying with sundry winks and nods and mysterious smiles, that there was something for their amusement in the evening, which he believed some, at least, of those present (with a very flattering meaning look at Margaret) would appreciate.

Then came in the squire, with a rush and a circular fire of apologies.

"A thousand pardons, Lady Farnleigh! You have tolerated my ways so long that I hope you will bear with them a little longer, and give up all hope of seeing them mended. How do, Falconer? I am not absolutely unpunctual though. It is not six o'clock yet! Wants two minutes!"

"And a half, Mr. Lindisfarn!" said the old banker, in a comforting, encouraging sort of tone, as he consulted his chronometer.

"Thank you, Falconer. And a half! Who calls *that* not being in time? How do, brother? How is Lady Sempronia? Not equal to the trial of coming up to the Chase, eh?"

And then the squire was introduced to Captain Ellingham—duly called so this time—by Lady Farnleigh; and welcomed him to the Chase and to Sillshire with a charming mixture of high-bred courtesy and friendly cordiality.

"And now, Mat, ring the bell, and tell them that they may let us have dinner, there's a good fellow. You must be all half-starved."

"But we are not all here, Mr. Lindisfarn," said Miss Immy. "We are expecting Mr. Merriton and his sister from the Friary, Lady Farnleigh. Mr. Lindisfarn asked them himself; and now he has forgotten all about it!"

"Bless me, so I had! Don't tell of me, anybody! But they ought to have been here by this time. I hope they don't mean to

bring London ways into Sillshire, and understand one to mean seven when one says six."

"Our clocks are too fast, Mr. Lindisfarn. I told you so the other day," pleaded Miss Immy.

"Not if they make it now only two minutes past six," said Mr. Falconer, again consulting his infallible watch.

"Not a bit of it," said the squire; "and perhaps the best way of showing them that six means six in Sillshire would be to go to dinner."

But the squire was persuaded to allow a little law on the score of the defaulters' being strangers, and this the first time of offending. And happily a carriage was heard crunching the gravel outside the drawing-room windows before another ten minutes had passed,—which, however long they may have seemed to the seniors of the party, passed quickly enough with some of the others.

And then Mr. Merriton and Miss Merriton were announced. They were entire strangers to everybody in the room except the Falconers, and except in so far as a casual meeting had introduced Mr. Merriton to Mr. Lindisfarn. And there was consequently a little excitement of expectation among the party assembled, to see what the new-comers into the county were like. And in the next instant it was recognized by all present that they were, at all events, remarkable-looking people.

Arthur Merriton, though a smaller and slighter man than either Captain Ellingham or Fred Falconer, would have been thought by many a more remarkably handsome man than either. He would probably have been more generally thought so in England than among his mother's countrymen, where the peculiar type of his beauty is much more common. Fred Falconer's brown locks and carnation-colored cheeks would have attracted more admiring eyes among the beauties of the *Conca d'oro*, and the carefully-blinded windows of Palermo, than the raven's-wing curls, the brilliant dark eyes, and the thin, transparent-looking sallow cheeks, and finely-formed but yellow-white brow of the son of a Sicilian mother. In person and figure he was delicately and slenderly made, with small and well-shaped hands and feet. His manner was unexceptionably gentleman-like; but there was a nervousness about it that seemed half excitability and half shyness, as he went

through the ordeal of being presented to the various individuals of his new neighborhood.

And this peculiarity of manner was yet more marked in the case of his sister. She was very small, moreover, and really fairy-like in figure, which increased the effect of her shrinking timidity and nervousness of manner. Her little figure, in its almost miniature proportions, was exquisitely perfect; but the face had peculiarities which prevented it from being beautiful. The large, fair forehead, which seemed first to attract anybody who saw Miss Merriton for the first time, was too large, and too square, and too prominent for the small face. The eyes had also the rare defect of being too large. But perhaps their size alone would not have seemed a fault, if they had not also been too prominent, and what the French call *à fleur de tête*. The other features of the face were good and delicate. Exceeding delicacy, indeed, was the prominent and paramount characteristic of the entire face and figure.

The hair was most remarkably abundant and beautiful in quality, and as black as night. The whole face, except the lips, was entirely colorless.

The ladies and the young men had had time to note all this; and the old men had had time to think to themselves, "What a very strange-looking little body!" when the dinner-bell at length rang.

Mr. Lindisfarn gave his arm to Lady Farnleigh; Mr. Falconer took Miss Immy; Dr. Theophilus seized on Margaret, to her exceeding great disgust, making her feel as though she should burst into tears amid the sweet smiles with which she looked up into his face, and pretended to coax him, as they walked to the dining-room, to tell her what was inside the brown-paper parcel; Captain Ellingham's character of stranger, as well as his rank, secured him Kate's arm; Freddy Falconer had Miss Merriton under his care; and so, with Mr. Merriton and Mr. Mat bringing up the rear, they went to dinner.

ORIGIN OF BRANDY.—Brandy began to be distilled in France about the year 1343; but it was prepared only as a medicine, and was considered as possessing such marvellous strengthening powers that the physicians termed it *Eau de Vie*, "the water of life," a name it retains, though now rendered, by excessive potations, one of life's most powerful and prevalent destroyers. Raymond Lully, a disciple of Arnold de Villa Nova, considered this admirable essence of wine to be an emanation from the Divinity, and that it was intended to reanimate and prolong the life of man. He even thought that the discovery indicated that the time had arrived for the consummation of all things,—the end of the world. Before the true means of determining the quantity of alcohol in spirits were known, the dealers were in the habit of employing a very rude method of forming a notion of the strength. A given quantity of spirits was poured upon a quantity of gunpowder, in a dish, and set on fire. If, at the end of combustion, the gunpowder continued dry enough, it took fire and exploded; but if it had been wetted by the water in the spirits, the flame of the alcohol went out without setting the powder on fire. This was called the proof. Spirits which kindled gunpowder were said to be above proof; those that did not set fire to it were said to be below proof. From this origin of the term

"proof," it is obvious that its meaning must have been deemed very indefinite.—*Quebec Paper*.

So bad is now the state of Rome that, according to the *Post*, the Princess Corsini, desiring to attend a reception at the Colonna Palace, and wishing to wear her jewels, was compelled to demand an escort of the Papal Dragoon Guards. The citizens assert that they have absolutely no protection, that the police are brigands in uniform, and that no redress is to be obtained in the most ordinary case of robbery except through the French authorities. If the latter interfere, Mgr. de Morode makes a point of refusing the request, and the poor Romans are therefore crushed by the French, pillaged by the brigands, and neglected by the government which ought either to protect or to surrender them. If they resist the French intruders, they are imprisoned; if they object to the brigands in uniform, they are arrested; and if they support the authorities who do nothing for them, they are pretty sure to be surrendered to one or the other of the other two hostile powers. It is a happy life which infallibility produces in its capital.—*Spectator*.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO WILLIAM GODWIN.

[THE author of "Caleb Williams" enjoyed the acquaintance—and, at various periods, the correspondence—of almost every contemporary of literary celebrity. Methodical to a passion, endowed with the most indefatigable industry, he not only kept every letter of importance that came into his hands, but carefully transcribed his own when he considered that he had written anything worthy of preservation. The result has been the accumulation of a very extensive and interesting body of documents in the hands of his descendants, the more important portion of which, it may be hoped, will one day be given to the world. To it belong the letters now published, selected from a larger number proceeding from the same pen. It is not much to describe them as superior in every respect to such of Coleridge's letters as have hitherto found their way into print, since, from causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, these have, for the most part, been little calculated to exhibit his powers to advantage. Those now published constitute, in their editor's opinion, a much more entertaining and lively body of familiar correspondence than, from the general character of Coleridge's prose style, he had been in any way prepared to expect. Though printed with but few alterations or omissions, they will not, he thinks, be found to contain a line to disturb the opinion entertained of Coleridge by those most profoundly impressed with the pre-eminence of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.]

R. GARNETT.]

WEDNESDAY, May 21, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter this morning, and had I not, still I am almost confident that I should have written to you before the end of the week. Hitherto the translation of the Wallenstein has prevented me, not that it engrossed my time, but that it wasted and depressed my spirits, and left a sense of wearisomeness and disgust which unfitted me for anything but sleeping or immediate society. I say this because I ought to have written to you first; yet as I am not behind you in affectionate esteem, so I would not be thought to lag in those outward and visible signs that both show and verify the inward spiritual grace. Believe me, you recur to my thoughts frequently, and never

without pleasure, never without my making out of the past a little day-dream for the future. I left Wordsworth on the 4th of this month; if I cannot procure a suitable house at Stowey, I return to Cumberland and settle at Keswick, in a house of such prospect that if, according to you and Hume, impressions constitute our being, I shall have a tendency to become a god, so sublime and beautiful will be the series of my visual existence. But, whether I continue here or migrate thither, I shall be in a beautiful country, and have house-room and heart-room for you, and you must come and write your next work at my house. My dear Godwin! I remember you with so much pleasure, and our conversations so distinctly, that, I doubt not we have been mutually benefited; but as to your poetic and physiopathic feelings, I more than suspect that dear little Fanny and Mary have had more to do in that business than I. Hartley sends his love to Mary.* "What, and not to Fanny?" "Yes, and to Fanny, but I'll have Mary." He often talks about them.

My poor Lamb, how cruelly afflictions crowd upon him! I am glad that you think of him as I think: he has an affectionate heart, a mind *sui generis*; his taste acts so as to appear like the unmechanic simplicity of an instinct; in brief, he is worth an hundred men of mere talents. Conversation with the latter tribe is like the use of leaden bells—one wearies by exercise. Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, yet is rich with colors, and I both see and feel it. In Bristol I was much with Davy, † almost all day. He always talks of you with great affection, and defends you with a friendly zeal. If I settle at Keswick, he will be with me in the fall of the year, and so must you: and let me tell you, Godwin, that four such men as you, I, Davy, and Wordsworth, do not meet together in one house every day in the year—I mean four men so distinct with so many sympathies. I received yesterday a letter from Southey. He arrived at Lisbon after a

* Mrs. Shelley.

† I like him [Godwin] for thinking so well of Davy. He talks of him everywhere as the most extraordinary of human beings he had ever met with. I cannot say that, for I know one whom I feel to be the superior [Wordsworth probably is meant], but I never met with so extraordinary a young man. (Coleridge to Wedgwood, "Cottle," p. 431.)

prosperous voyage, on the last day of April ; his letter to me is dated May-Day. He girds up his loins for a great history of Portugal, which will be translated into Portuguese in the first year of the Lusitanian Republic.*

Have you seen Mrs. Robinson† lately—how is she? Remember me in the kindest and most respectful phrases to her. I wish I knew the particulars of her complaint ; for Davy has discovered a perfectly new acid by which he has restored the use of limbs to persons who had lost it for many years (one woman nine years), in cases of supposed rheumatism. At all events, Davy says, it can do no harm in Mrs. Robinson's case, and, if she will try it, he will make up a little parcel and write her a letter of instructions, etc. Tell her, and it is the truth, that Davy is exceedingly delighted with the two poems in the Anthology.

N.B. Did you get my attempt at a tragedy from Mrs. Robinson?

To Mrs. Smith I am about to write a letter, with a book ; be so kind as to inform me of her direction.

Mrs. Inchbald I do not like at all ; every time I recollect her I like her less. That segment of a look at the corner of her eye—O God in heaven ! it is so cold and cunning. Through worlds of wildernesses I would run away from that look, that *heart-picking* look ! 'Tis marvellous to me that you can like that woman.

I shall remain here about ten days for certain. If you have leisure and inclination in that time, write ; if not, I will write to you where I am going, or at all events whither I am gone.

God bless you and

Your sincerely affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

MR. T. POOLE'S,

N[ETHER] STOWEY, BRIDGWATER.

Sara desires to be remembered kindly to you, and sends a kiss to Fanny and "dear meek little Mary."

MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I received your letter, and with it the enclosed note,‡ which shall be

* The letter is printed in the first volume of Southey's correspondence, edited by his son, where, however, the passage respecting the projected history is omitted.

† The celebrated Perdita. She died in the following December.

‡ A loan of ten pounds.

punctually redelivered to you on the first of October.

Your tragedy* to be exhibited at Christmas ! I have, indeed, merely read through your letter ; so it is not strange that my heart continues beating out of time. Indeed, indeed, Godwin, such a stream of hope and fear rushed in on me, as I read the sentence, as you would not permit yourself to feel ! If there be anything yet undreamt of in our philosophy ; if it be, or if it be possible, that thought can impel thought out of the usual limit of a man's own skull and heart ; if the cluster of ideas which constitute an identity do ever connect and unite into a greater whole ; if feelings could ever propagate themselves without the servile ministrations of undulating air or reflected light ; I seem to feel within myself a strength and a power of desire that might dart a modifying, commanding impulse on a whole theatre. What does all this mean ? Alas ! that sober sense should know no other way to construe all this than by the tame phrase, I wish you success ! That which Lamb informed you is founded on truth. Mr. Sheridan sent, through the medium of Stewart, a request to Wordsworth to present a tragedy to his stage ; and to me a declaration, that the failure of my piece† was owing to my obstinacy in refusing any alteration. I laughed and Wordsworth smiled ; but my tragedy will remain at Keswick, and Wordsworth's is not likely to emigrate from Grasmere. Wordsworth's drama‡ is, in its present state, not fit for the stage, and he is not well enough to submit to the drudgery of making it so. Mine is fit for nothing, except to excite in the minds of good men the hope "that the young man is likely to do better." In the first moments I thought of rewriting it, and sent to Lamb for the copy with this intent. I read an act and altered my opinion, and with it my wish.

My wife is now quite comfortable.§ Surely you might come and spend the very next four weeks, not without advantage to both of us. The very glory of the place is coming on ; the local genius is just arraying himself in his higher attributes. But, above all, I press it

* "Antonio."

† "Remorse." Many years afterwards, when Lord Byron had an interest in Drury Lane, he generously procured the representation of the piece, which met with great success.

‡ "The Borderers."

§ Mrs. Coleridge had been confined ten days previously.

because my mind has been busied with speculations that are closely connected with those pursuits that have hitherto constituted your utility and importance; and, ardently as I wish you success on the stage, I yet cannot frame myself to the thought that you should cease to appear as a bold moral thinker. I wish you to write a book on the power of words, and the processes by which human feelings form affinities with them; in short, I wish you to *philosophize* Horne Tooke's system, and to solve the great questions—whether there be reason to hold that an action bearing the semblance of predestining consciousness may yet be simply organic, and whether a series of such actions are possible, and close on the heels of this question would follow the old, “Is logic the essence of thinking?”—in the words, “Is thinking possible within arbitrary signs? or how far is the word arbitrary a misnomer? are not words, etc., parts and germinations of the plant, and what is the law of their growth?” In something of this order I would endeavor to destroy the old antithesis of words and things, elevating, as it were, words into things, and living things too. All the nonsense of vibrations, etc., you would, of course, dismiss.

If what I have here written appear nonsense to you, or common sense in a harlequinade of *outré* expressions, suspend your judgment till we see each other. Yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I was in the country when “Wallenstein” was published. Longman sent me down half a dozen—the carriage back the book was not worth.

MONDAY, Oct. 13, 1800.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have been myself too frequently a grievous delinquent in the article of letter-writing to feel any inclination to reproach my friends when, peradventure, they have been long silent. But, this out the question, I did not expect a speedier answer; for I had anticipated the circumstances which you assign as the causes of your delay.

An attempt to finish a poem* of mine for insertion in the second volume of the “Lyrical ballads” has thrown me so fearfully back in my bread and beef occupations, that I shall scarcely be able to justify myself in putting you to the expense of the few lines which

* “Christabel.”

I may be able to scrawl in the present paper; but some parts in your letter interested me deeply, and I wished to tell you so. First, then, you know Kemble, and I do not. But my conjectural judgments concerning his character lead me to persuade an absolute passive obedience to his opinion, and this, too, because I would leave to every man his own trade. Your trade has been in the present instance, *first* to furnish a wise pleasure to your fellow-beings in general, and, *secondly*, to give Mr. Kemble and his associates the power of delighting that part of your fellow-beings assembled in a theatre. As to what relates to the first point, I should be sorry indeed if greater men than Mr. Kemble could induce you to alter a “but” to a “yet” contrary to your own convictions. Above all things, an author ought to be sincere to the public; and, when William Godwin stands in the title-page, it implies that W. G. approves that which follows. Besides, the mind and finer feelings are blunted by such obsequiousness. But in the theatre it is Godwin and Co. *ex professo*. I should regard it in almost the same light as if I had written a song for Haydn to compose and Mara to sing; I know, indeed, what is poetry, but I do not know so well as he and she what will suit his notes or her voice. That actors and managers are often wrong is true, but still the trade is *their* trade, and the presumption is in favor of their being right. For the press, I should wish you to be solicitously nice; because you are to exhibit before a larger and more respectable multitude than a theatre presents to you, and in a new part, that of a poet employing his philosophical knowledge practically. If it be possible, come, therefore, and let us discuss every page and every line.

Now for something which, I would fain believe, is still more important; namely, the propriety of your future philosophical speculations. As to your first objection, that you are a logician, let me say that your habits are analytic, but that you have not read enough of travels, voyages, and biography—especially men's lives of themselves; and you have too soon submitted your notions to other men's censures in conversation. A man should nurse his opinions in privacy and self-fondness for a long time, and seek for sympathy and love, not for detection or censure. Dismiss, my dear fellow, your theory of collision

of ideas, and take up that of mutual propulsion. I wish to write more, and state to you a lucrative job, which would, I think, be eminently serviceable to your own mind and which you would have every opportunity of doing here. I now express a serious wish that you would come and look out for a house. Did Stuart remit you £10 on my account?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I would gladly write any verses, but to a prologue or epilogue I am absolutely incompetent.

WEDNESDAY, March 25, 1801.

DEAR GODWIN,—I fear your tragedy * will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been during the last three months undergoing a process of intellectual exsiccation. During my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game, and since then I have continued the hunt, till I find myself, unaware, at the root of pure mathematics, and up that tall smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at the very summit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing my ascent. You would not know me! All sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind that I have forgotten how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows)—I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks from it were refrangible by a prism. The Poet is dead in me; my imagination (or rather the somewhat that had been imaginative) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold leaf, rising and riding on every breath of fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver and remain squat and square on the earth amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element.

* I think, but am not certain, that this tragedy was entitled "Abbas."

However I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have, give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic.

I write now to beg that, if you have not sent your tragedy, you may remember to send "Antonio" with it, which I have not yet seen, and likewise my Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," which Wordsworth wishes to see.

Have you seen the second volume of the "Lyrical ballads," and the preface prefixed to the first? I should judge of a man's heart and intellect precisely according to the degree and intensity of the admiration with which he read these poems. Perhaps, instead of heart, I should have said taste; but when I think of the Brothers, of Ruth, and of Michael, I recur to the expression and am enforced to say heart. If I die, and the booksellers will give you anything for my life, be sure to say, "Wordsworth descended on him like the *Πνομή αεθρον* from heaven; by showing to him what true poetry was, he made him know that he himself was no poet."

In your next letter you will, perhaps, give me some hints respecting your prose plans.

God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Greta Hall, Keswick.

P. S.—What is a fair price—what might an author of reputation fairly ask from a bookseller—for one edition, of a thousand copies, of a five-shilling book?

I congratulate you on the settlement of Davy in London. I hope that his enchanting manners will not draw too many idlers about him, to harass and vex his mornings.

Greta Hall, Keswick.

DEAR GODWIN,—I have had, during the last three weeks, such numerous interruptions of my "uninterrupted rural retirement," such a succession of visitors, both indigenous and exotic, that verily I wanted both the time and the composure necessary to answer your letter of the first of June; at present I am writing to you from my bed. For in consequence of a very sudden change in the weather from intense heat to a raw and scathing chillness, my bodily health has suffered a relapse as severe as it was unexpected . . .

I have not yet received either "Antonio," or your pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Parr and the Scotch gentleman * (who is to be professor

* Mackintosh.

of morals to the young nabobs at Calcutta, with an establishment of £3,900 a year!). Stuart was so kind as to send me Fenwick's review of it in a paper called the *Albion*, and Mr. Longman has informed me that, by your orders, the pamphlet itself has been left for me at his house. The extracts which I saw pleased me much, with the exception of the introduction, which is incorrectly and clumsily worded. But, indeed, I have often observed that, whatever you write, the first page is always the worst in the book. I wish that instead of six days you had employed six months, and instead of a half-crown pamphlet, had given us a good half-guinea octavo. But you may yet do this. It strikes me that, both in this work and in the second edition of the "Political Justice," your retractations have been more injudicious than the assertions or dogmas retracted. But this is no fit subject for a mere letter. If I had time, which I have not, I would write two or three sheets for your sole inspection entitled "History of the Errors and Blunders of the Literary Life of William Godwin." To the world it would appear a paradox to say that you are at all too persuadable; but you yourself know it to be the truth.

I shall send back your manuscript on Friday, with my criticisms. You say in your last, "How I wish you were here!" When I see how little I have written of what I could have talked, I feel with you that a letter is but "a mockery" to a full and ardent mind. In truth, I feel this so forcibly that, if I could be certain that I should remain in this country, I should press you to come down, and finish the whole in my house. But, if I can by any means raise the moneys, I shall go in the first vessel that leaves Liverpool for the Azores (St. Michael's, to wit), and these sail at the end of July. Unless I can escape one English winter and spring, I have not any rational prospect of recovery. You "cannot help regarding uninterrupted rural retirement as a principal cause" of my ill-health. My ill-health commenced at Liverpool, in the shape of blood-shot eyes and swollen eyelids, while I was in the daily habit of visiting the Liverpool literati—these, on my settling at Keswick, were followed by large boils in my neck and shoulders; these, by a violent rheumatic fever; this, by a distressing and tedious hydrocele; and, since then, by irregular gout, which promises at

this moment to ripen into a legitimate fit. What uninterrupted rural retirement can have had to do in the production of these outward and visible evils, I cannot guess; what share it has had in consoling me under them, I know with a tranquil mind and feel with a grateful heart. Oh that you had now before your eyes the delicious picture of lake and river and bridge and cottage and spacious field with its pathway, and woody hill with its spring verdure, and mountain with the snow yet lingering in fantastic patches upon it, even the same which I had from my sick-bed, even without raising my head from the pillow! O God! all but dear and lovely things seemed to be known to my imagination only as words; even the forms which struck terror into me in my fever-dreams were still forms of beauty. Before my last seizure I bent down to pick something from the ground, and when I raised my head, I said to Miss Wordsworth, "I am sure, Rotha, that I am going to be ill;" for as I bent my head there came a distinct, vivid spectrum upon my eyes; it was one little picture,—a rock, with birches and ferns on it, a cottage backed by it, and a small stream. Were I a painter, I would give an outward existence to this, but it will always live in my memory.

By the by, our rural retirement has been honored by the company of Mr. Sharp and the poet Rogers; the latter, though not a man of very vigorous intellect, won a good deal both on myself and Wordsworth; for what he said evidently came from his own feelings, and was the result of his own observation.

My love to your dear little ones. I begin to feel my knee preparing to make ready for the reception of the Lady Arthritis, God bless you and
S. T. COLERIDGE.

TUESDAY EVENING, June 23, 1801.

SATURDAY NIGHT, June 4, 1803.

GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—I trust that my dear friend, C. Lamb, will have informed you how seriously ill I have been. I arrived at Keswick on Good Friday, caught the influenza, have struggled on in a series of convalescence and relapse, the disease still assuming new shapes and symptoms; and, though I am certainly better than at any former period of the disease, and more steadily convalescent, yet it is not mere *low spirits* that makes me doubt

whether I shall ever wholly surmount the effects of it. I owe, then, explanation to you; for I quitted town, with strong feelings of affectionate esteem toward you, and a firm resolution to write to you within a short time after my arrival at my home. During my illness I was exceedingly affected by the thought that month had glided away after month, and year after year, and still had found and left me only *preparing* for the experiments which are to ascertain whether the hopes of those who have hoped proudly of me have been auspicious omens or mere delusions; and the anxiety to realize something, and finish something, has, no doubt, in some measure retarded my recovery. I am now, however, ready to go to the press with a work which I consider as introductory to a *system*, though to the public it will appear altogether a thing by itself. I write now to ask your advice respecting the time and manner of its publication, and the choice of a publisher. I entitle it "*Organum Verè Organum, or an Instrument of Practical Reasoning in the Business of Real Life*;" to which will be prefixed, 1. A familiar introduction to the common system of Logic; namely, that of Aristotle and the Schools. 2. A concise and simple, yet full statement of the Aristotelian Logic, with reference annexed to the authors, and the name and page of the work to which each part may be traced, so that it may be at once seen what is Aristotle's, what Porphyry's, what the addition of the Greek Commentators, and what of the Schoolmen. 3. An outline of the History of Logic in general. 1st Chapter. The Origin of Philosophy in general, and of Logic *specialim*. 2d Chap. Of the Eleatic and Megaric Logic. 3d Chap. Of the Platonic Logic. 4th Chap. Of Aristotle, containing a fair account of the *Opyavov*—of which Dr. Reid, in "*Kaimes' Sketches of Man*," has given a most false, and not only erroneous, but calumnious statement—in as far as the account had not been anticipated in the second part of my work; namely, the concise and simple, yet full, etc., etc. 5th Chap. A philosophical examination of the truth and of the value of the Aristotelian System of Logic, including all the after-additions to it. 6th Chap. On the characteristic merits and demerits of Aristotle and Plato as philosophers in general, and an attempt to explain the fact of the vast influence of the former during so many

ages; and of the influence of Plato's works on the restoration of the Belles Lettres, and on the Reformation. 7th Chap. Raymund Lully. 8th Chap. Peter Ramus. 9th Chap. Lord Bacon, or the Verulamian Logic. 10th Chap. Examination of the same, and comparison of it with the Logic of Plato (in which I attempt to make it probable that, though considered by Bacon himself as the antithesis and the antidote of Plato, it is *bond fide* the same, and that Plato has been misunderstood). 10th Chap. Descartes. 11th Chap. Condillac, and a philosophical examination of *his* logic, i. e., the logic which he basely purloined from Hartley. Then follows my own *Organum Verè Organum*, which consists of an *Ενσθηκα* of all possible modes of true, probable, and false reasoning, arranged philosophically, i. e., on a strict analysis of those operations and passions of the mind in which they originate, or by which they act; with one or more striking instances annexed to each, from authors of high estimation, and to each instance of false reasoning, the manner in which the sophistry is to be detected, and the words in which it may be exposed.

The whole will conclude with considerations of the value of the work, or its practical utility in scientific investigations (especially the first part, which contains the strictly demonstrative reasonings, and the analysis of all the acts and passions of the mind which may be employed to the discovery of truth) in the arts of healing, especially in those parts that contain a catalogue, etc., of probable reasoning; lastly, to the senate, the pulpit, and our law courts, to whom the whole—but especially the latter three-fourths of the work, on the probable and the false—will be useful, and partly instructive, how to form a commonplace book by the aid of the instrument, so as to read with practical advantage, and (supposing average talents) to *insure* a facility and rapidity in proving and in computing. I have thus amply detailed the contents of my work, which have not been the labor of one year or two, but the result of many years' meditations, and of very various reading. The size of the work will, printed at thirty lines a page, form one volume octavo, five hundred pages to the volume; and I shall be ready with the first half of the work for the printer at a fortnight's notice. Now, my dear friend, give me your thoughts on the subject: would you have me to offer it to the

booksellers, or, by the assistance of my friends, print and publish on my own account? If the former, would you advise me to sell the copyright at once, or only one or more editions? Can you give me a general notion what terms I have a right to insist on in either case? And, lastly, to whom would you advise me to apply? Phillips is a pushing man, and a book is sure to have fair play if it be his *property*; and it could not be other than pleasant to me to have the same publisher with yourself, *but*—Now if there be anything of impatience, that whether truth and justice ought to follow that “*but*,” you will inform me. It is not my habit to go to work so seriously about matters of pecuniary business; but my ill-health makes my life more than ordinarily uncertain, and I have a wife and three little ones. If your judgment leads you to advise me to offer it to Phillips, would you take the trouble of talking with him on the subject, and give him your real opinion, whatever it may be, of the work and of the powers of the author?

When this book is fairly off my hands, I shall, if I live and have sufficient health, set seriously to work in arranging what I have already written, and in pushing forward my studies and my investigations relative to the *omne scibile* of human nature—*what we are*, and *how we become* what we are; so as to solve the two grand problems—how, being acted upon, we shall act; how, acting, we shall be acted upon. But between me and this work there may be death.

I hope your wife and little ones are well. I have had a sick family. At one time every individual—master, mistress, children, and servants—were all laid up in bed, and we were waited on by persons hired from the town for the week. But now all are well, I only excepted. If you find my paper smell or my style savor of scholastic quiddity, you must attribute it to the infectious quality of the folio on which I am; writing namely, “*Scotus Erigena de Divisione Naturæ*,” the forerunner, by some centuries, of the schoolmen. I cherish all kinds of honorable feelings toward you: and I am, dear Godwin,

Yours most sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

You know the high character and present scarcity of “*Tucker's Light of Nature*.” “I have found in this writer [says Paley, in his

preface to his ‘*Moral and Political Philosophy*’] more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects he has taken in hand than in any other, not to say in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled. But his thoughts are diffused through a long, various, and irregular work.” And a friend of mine, every way calculated by his taste and private studies for such a work,* is willing to abridge and systematize that work from eight to two volumes, in the words of Paley, “to dispose into method, to collect into heads and articles, and to exhibit in more compact and tangible masses, what in that otherwise excellent performance is spread over too much surface.” I would prefix to it an essay containing the whole substance of the first volume of Hartley; entirely defecated from all the corpuscular hypothesis, with more illustrations. I give my name to the essay. Likewise I will revise every sheet of the abridgment. I should think the character of the work, and the above quotations from so high an authority (with the present public, I mean) as Paley, would insure its success. If you will read or transcribe, and send this to Mr. Phillips, or to any other publisher (Longman and Rees excepted), you would greatly oblige me; that is to say, my dear Godwin, you would essentially serve a young man of profound genius and original mind, who wishes to get his *Sabine* subsistence by some employment from the booksellers, while he is employing the remainder of his time in nursing up his genius for the destiny which he believes appurtenant to it. “*Qui cito facit, bis facit*.” Impose any task on me in return.

FRIDAY, July 10, 1803.

GRETA HALL.

MY DEAR GODWIN,—Your letter has this moment reached me, and found me writing for Stuart, to whom I am under a positive engagement to produce three essays by the beginning of next week. To promise, therefore, to do what I could not do would be worse than idle; and to attempt to do what I could not do well, from distraction of mind, would be trifling with my time and your patience. If I could convey to you any tolerably distinct notion of the state of my spirits of late, and the train or the sort of my ideas consequent on that state, you would feel instantly

* Hazlitt. The abridgment was made and published in 1807.

that my non-performance of the promise is matter of *regret* with me indeed, but not of *compunction*. It was my full intention to have prepared immediately a second volume of poems for the press; but, though the poems are all either written or composed, excepting only the conclusion of one poem (equal to four days' common work) and a few corrections, and though I had the most pressing motives for sending them off, yet, after many attempts, I was obliged to give up the very hope—the attempts acted so perniciously on my disorder.

Wordsworth, too, wished, and in a very particular manner expressed the wish that I should write to him at large on a poetic subject, which he has at present *sub malleo ardentem et ignitum*. I made the attempt; but I could not command my recollections. It seemed a dream that I had ever *thought* on poetry, or had ever written it, so remote were my trains of ideas from composition or criticism on composition. These two instances will, in some manner, explain my non-performance; but indeed I have been very ill, and that I have done anything in any way is a subject of wonder to myself, and of no causeless self-complacency. Yet I am anxious to do something which may convince you of my sincerity by zeal: and, if you think that it will be of any service to you, I will send down for the work; I will instantly give it a perusal *con amore*; and partly by my reverential love of Chaucer,* and partly from my affectionate esteem for his biographer (the summer, too, bringing increase of health with it), I doubt not that my old mind will recur to me; and I will forthwith write a series of letters, containing a critique on Chaucer, and on the "Life of Chaucer," by W. Godwin, and publish them with my name, either at once in a small volume, or in the *Morning Post* in the first instance, and republish them afterward.

The great thing to be done is to present Chaucer stripped of all his adventitious matter, his translations, etc.; to analyze his own real productions, to deduce his province and his rank; then to compare him with his contemporaries, or with immediate predecessors, first as an Englishman, and secondly as a European; then with Spenser and

* I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.—*Table Talk*, p. 310.

with Shakspeare, between whom he seems to stand midway, with, however, a manner of his own which belongs to neither, with a manner and an excellence; lastly, to compare Dante and Chaucer, and inclusively Spenser and Shakspeare, with the ancients, to abstract the characteristic differences, and to develop the causes of such differences. (For instance, in all the writings of the ancients I recollect nothing that, strictly examined, can be called humor; yet Chaucer abounds with it and Dante, too, though in a very different way. Thus, too, the passion for personifications and, *me judice*, strong, sharp, practical good sense, which I feel to constitute a strikingly characteristic difference in favor of the *feudal* poets.) As to information, I could give you a critical sketch of poems written by contemporaries of Chaucer, in Germany; an epic to compare with his "Palamon," and tales with his "Tales," descriptive and fanciful poems with those of the same kind in our own poet. In short, a Life of Chaucer ought, in the work itself, and in the appendices of the work, to make the poet explain his age, and to make the age both explain the poet, and evince the superiority of the poet over his age. I think that the publication of such a work would do *your* work some little service, in more ways than one. It would occasion, necessarily, a double review of it in all the Reviews; and there is a large class of fashionable men who have been pleased of late to take me into high favor, and among whom even my name might have some influence, and my praises of you some weight. But let me hear from you on the subject.

Now for my own business. As soon as you possibly can do something respecting the abridgment of "Tucker,"* do so; you will, on my honor, be doing *good*, in the best sense of the word! Of course I cannot wish you to do anything till after the 24th, unless it should be *put* in your way to read that part of the letter to Phillips.

As to my own work, let me correct one or two conceptions of yours respecting it. I could, no doubt, induce my friends to publish the work for me; but I am possessed of facts that deter me. I know that the booksellers not only do not encourage, but that they use unjustifiable artifices to injure, works published on the authors' own account. It never

* Godwin exerted himself actively in the matter, as appears by the correspondence of Charles Lamb.

answered, as far as I can find, in any instance. And even the sale of a first edition is not without objections on this score; to this, however, I should certainly adhere, and it is my resolution. But I must do something immediately. Now, if I knew that any bookseller would purchase the first edition of this work, as numerous as he pleased, I should put the work out of hand at once, *totus in illo*. But it was never my intention to send one single sheet to the press till the whole was *bonâ fide* ready for the printer—that is both written, and fairly written. The work is half written out, and the materials of the other half are all in paper, or rather on papers. I should not expect one farthing till the work was delivered entire; and I would deliver it at once, if it were wished. But if I cannot engage with a bookseller for this, I must do something else first, which I should be sorry for. Your division of the sorts of works acceptable to booksellers is just, and what has been always my own notion or rather knowledge; but, though I detailed the whole of the contents of my work so fully to you, I did not mean to lay any stress with the bookseller on the first half, but simply state it as preceded by a familiar introduction, and critical history of logic. On the work itself I meant to lay all the stress, as a work really in request, and non-existent, either well or ill done, and to put the work in the *same class* with "Guthrie," and books of practical instruction—for the universities, classes of scholars, lawyers, etc., etc. Its profitable sale will greatly depend on the pushing of the booksellers, and on its being considered as a *practical* book, *Organum verè Organum*, a book by which the reader is to acquire not only knowledge, but likewise *power*. I fear that it may extend to seven hundred pages; and would it be better to publish the Introduction of History separately, either after or before? God bless you, and all belonging to you, and your Chaucer. All happiness to you and your wife.

Ever yours,
S. T. C.

P. S. If you read to Phillips any part of my letter respecting my own work, or rather detailed it to him, you would lay all the stress on the *practical*.

TUESDAY, March 26, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—Mr. Grattan did me the

honor of calling on me, and leaving his card, on Sunday afternoon, unfortunately a few minutes after I had gone out—and I am so unwell, that I fear I shall not be able to return the call to-day, as I had intended, though it is a grief even for a brace of days to appear insensible of so much kindness and condescension. But what need has Grattan of pride?

"Ha d' uopo solo
Mendicar dall' orgoglio onore e stima,
Chi senza lui di vilipendio é degno."

—Chiabrera.

I half caught from Lamb that you had written to Wordsworth, with a wish that he should versify some tale or other, and that Wordsworth had declined it. I told dear Miss Lamb that I had formed a complete plan of a poem, with little plates for children, the first thought, but that alone, taken from Gesner's "First Mariner;" and this thought, I have reason to believe, was not an invention of Gesner's. It is this: that in early times, in some island or part of the Continent, the ocean had washed in, overflowing a vast plain of twenty or thirty miles, and thereby *insulating* one small promontory or cape of high land, on which was a cottage, containing a man and his wife, and an infant daughter. This is the *one* thought; all that Gesner has made out of it (and I once translated into blank verse about half of the poem, but gave it up under the influence of a double disgust, moral and poetical) I have rejected; and, strictly speaking, the tale in all its parts, that one idea excepted, would be original. The tale will contain the curse, the occasions, the process, with all its failures and ultimate success, of the construction of the first boat, and of the undertaking of the first naval expedition. Now, supposing you liked the idea (I address you and Mrs. G., and as *commerciants*, not you as the philosopher who gave us the first system in England that ever dared reveal at full that most important of all important truths, that morality might be built on its own foundation, like a castle built from the rock and on the rock, with religion for the ornaments and completion of its roof and upper stories—nor as the critic who, in the life of Chaucer, has given us, if not principles of *aesthetic* or taste, yet more and better data for principles than had hitherto existed in our language)—if (we pulling like two friendly tradesmen together, for you and your wife must be one flesh, and I trust are one heart)

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you approve of the plan, the next question is, Whether it should be written in prose or in verse, and if the latter, in what metre—stanzas, or eight-syllable iambs with rhymes (for in rhyme it must be), now in couplets and now in quatrains, in the manner of Cooper's admirable translation of the "*Vert-Vert*" of Gresset. (N. B. not *Cowper*.)

Another thought has struck me within the last month, of a school-book in two octavo volumes, of *Lives* in the manner of Plutarch—not, indeed, of comparing and coupling Greek with Roman, Dion with Brutus, and Cato with Aristides, of placing ancient and modern together: Numa with Alfred, Cicero with Bacon, Hannibal with Gustavus Adolphus, and Julius Cæsar with Buonaparte—or what perhaps might be at once more interesting and more instructive, a series of lives, from Moses to Buonaparte, of all those great men, who in states or in the mind of man had produced great revolutions, the effects of which still remain, and are more or less distant causes of the present state of the world.

I remain, with unfeigned and affectionate esteem,

Yours, dear Godwin,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

[Godwin replied to Coleridge's letter as follows:—]

MARCH 27, 1811.

DEAR COLERIDGE,—I am much gratified by your yesterday's letter, as I shall always be by every approach to a coincidence of sentiment on the part of a man of your originality and learning. I published my sentiments respecting the welfare and happiness of the human species, from a heart filled with a sincere conviction of the truth of the tenets I delivered, and which was no longer able to keep them pent up within itself; and it gives me a pain which few men can comprehend, when I see such persons as Southey* and others who, I am told, are also honest and philanthropical, treat my efforts not only with disdain, but with something like abhorrence. Thank God! I have never had the persuasion as to the singleness of heart of that man, with which you have been impressed; otherwise nothing can be more disheartening than to see the few, who are able, and ought to be willing, to co-operate for general good, doing

* Southey's dislike of Godwin was to a great extent personal. He never forgave his second marriage.

their utmost to destroy their kind. Indeed, I am convinced that (separately from the uncontrollable hostility of fighting religious creeds) this cannot be; and of consequence, that the man who does not understand me and my intentions wants the chord in his own bosom, which (if it existed) could not fail to vibrate in unison with mine.

I like exceedingly the plan you have sketched of a first mariner. Mrs. Godwin and I have read it together; and she has no other fear respecting it, but lest you should take it in too high a key, and put into it the metaphysics and abstrusenesses in which you are so eminently at home. There should not be a sentence—not even a line—in a book intended for children, of which a child might not fairly be expected to conceive an idea. In answer to your queries of the form, I conceive a short essay, which is to be illustrated with various plates, ought to be in verse; further than this I dare not go; I think the author who does not consult his own genius unshackled, and inquire within himself what style and what scheme of harmony most naturally springs out of his conceptions, can scarcely be expected to do well.

I am bound to add, that the encouragement which my limited means and infant trade allow me to afford to intellectual application and industry, would, I am afraid, be wholly beneath your attention. If love and a crust would tempt you to co-operate in my little scheme for refining and elevating the circle of juvenile studies, it is well, but

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes!"

Such as I have (and I will not absolutely say, with the Apostles, "silver and gold have I none") I tender unto you.

Mrs. Godwin desires me to express the great pleasure with which she read your letter, and her best wishes in your favor.

I remain, with great regard,
Yours,
W. GODWIN.

FRIDAY MORNING, March 29, 1811.

DEAR GODWIN,—My chief motive in undertaking "*The First Mariner*" is merely to weave a few tendrils around your destined walking-stick, which, like those of the woodbine (that, serpent-like climbing up, and with tight spires embossing the straight hazel, rewards the lucky schoolboy's search in the

winter copse) may remain on it, when the woodbine, root and branch, lies trampled in the earth. I shall consider the work as a small plot of ground given up to you, to be sown at your own hazard with your own seed (gold-grains would have been but a bad saw, and besides have spoilt the metaphor). If the increase should more than repay your risk and labor, why then let me be one of your guests at Hendeot House. Your last letter impressed and affected me strongly. Ere I had yet read or seen your works, I, at Southey's recommendation, wrote a sonnet in praise of the author. When I had read them, religious bigotry, the but not half-understanding your principles, and the *not* half-understanding my own, combined to render me a warm and boisterous anti-Godwinist. But my warfare was open; my unfelt and harmless blows aimed at an abstraction I had christened with your name; and at that time, if not in the world's *favor*, you were among the captains and chief men in its admiration.—I became your acquaintance, when more years had brought somewhat more temper and tolerance; but I distinctly remember that the first turn in my mind toward you, the first movements of a juster appreciation of your merits, was occasioned by my disgust at the altered tone of language of many whom I had long known as your admirers and disciples—some of them, too, men who had made themselves a sort of reputation in minor circles as your acquaintances, and therefore your echoes by authority, who had themselves aided in attaching an unmerited ridicule to you and your opinions by their own ignorance, which led them to think the best settled truths, and indeed *every* thing in your "Political Justice," whether assertion, or deduction, or conjecture, to have been new

thoughts—downright creations! and by their own vanity, which enabled them to forget that everything must be new to him who knows *nothing*; others again, who though gifted with new talents, had yet been indebted to you and the discussions occasioned by your work, for much more of their development, who had often and often styled you the great master, written verses in your honor, and, worse than all, now brought your opinions—with many good and worthy men—into as unmerited an odium as the former class had into contempt, by attempts equally unfeeling and unwise, to realize them in private life, to the disturbance of domestic peace. In all these there was such a want of common sensibility, such a want of that gratitude to an intellectual benefactor, which even an honest reverence for their past selves should have secured, as did then, still does, and ever will, disgust me. . . . To this add that business of review-writing, which I have never hesitated to pronounce an immoral employment, unjust to the author of the books reviewed, injurious in its influences on the public taste and morality, and still more injurious on its influences on the head and heart of the reviewer himself. The *prægustatores* among the luxurious Romans soon lost their taste; and the verdicts of an old *prægustator* were sure to mislead, unless when like dreams, they were interpreted into contraries. Our reviewers are the genuine descendants of these palate-seared taste-dictators. I am still confined by indisposition, but mean to step out to Hazlitt's—almost my next-door neighbor—at his particular request. It is possible that I may find you there.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Godwin,
Yours, dear Godwin, affectionately,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

From *The Spirit of the Fair*.
THE DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF DR. WATTS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I HAVE liked Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns ever since the time when, scarcely three years old, I was made to repeat, with his book in my hand, and with such gestures as were prescribed to me, the psalm beginning with the words:—

“Come sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing.”

The critics, in general, have shown but stinted favor to Dr. Watts's devotional poetry. Dr. Johnson pronounced it unsatisfactory, though he admits that Dr. Watts “has done better than anybody else, what nobody has done well.” Southey, from whom I expected something different, in that meagre memoir of Dr. Watts—meagre, yet interesting, so far as relates to his theological opinions, which seem principally to have engaged Southey's attention—alludes to Johnson's opinion, yet takes no pains to controvert it. He, indeed, questions Johnson's decision against devotional poetry in general; but takes no pains to show, as he might easily have done, that Watts's book contained a great many very beautiful things.

I maintain, for my part, that Dr. Watts has done admirably well what he undertook to do, and the proof, if I wanted any other than the pleasure with which I always read him, I find in the strong hold which his devotional verses have taken on the hearts of men in all conditions of life, and, I think, all varieties of religious belief. No compilation of hymns for the public worship of any denomination is ever made without borrowing largely from Dr. Watts. He has been in his grave for considerably more than a century, yet have his psalms and hymns lost none of the favor which they had when they were first adopted by religious assemblies for public worship, and I believe are even now, generally speaking, in greater esteem than ever, notwithstanding that such poets as Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, Barbauld, and Heber have written devotional verses of very great merit since his time.

The secret of this popularity lies, as it seems to me, in the union of strong feeling with great poetic merit. In what he wrote there are occasional transgressions against good taste, as in his versification of Solomon's

Song. There are slovenly lines, and even stanzas, but there is always great fervor and profound earnestness. No poet has ever expressed religious emotions with greater energy. He faints and languishes for the divine presence; he deplores the waywardness of the human heart; he exults in the divine favor; he is awed by the divine majesty; he looks with transport on the works of the divine hand; he dwells with delight on the vision of a better life beyond the grave; and all these moods of mind find full expression in his verse. Many of his hymns seem to have been dashed out in the excitement of the moment, as if the feeling which had taken possession of him could not be satisfied without expressing itself in poetic forms. His versions of the Hebrew psalms are as remarkable for this as the compositions which he called hymns. He seems to have first filled his mind with the imagery of the ancient bard, and, catching inspiration from him, flung his thoughts upon the page in a form suited to the more mild and perfect dispensation of Christianity.

Some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses show that he possessed imagination in a high degree. What a beautiful picture, for example, is set before us in the hymn beginning—

“There is a land of pure delight.”

In this hymn, which is too familiar to all readers to be transcribed here, we have the green fields of immortal life with their unwithering flowers lying in perpetual light; the narrow river of death, dividing it from the present state of being; and the timorous crowd of mortals on the hither bank shivering and shuddering at the thought of passing through those cold waters. I remember that once, on a fine Sunday evening in the latter part of April, coming out of the harbor of Havana, in a steamer moving uneasily on the tossing waves of the Gulf Stream, which here rush against the reefs of the northern coast of Cuba, I had been driven to my berth by a strong premonition of sea-sickness. A party of Americans on deck struck up this hymn, and when they had ended, sung the scarcely less beautiful one beginning with

“When I can read my title clear,”

and ending with the stanza,

“There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of endless rest,

And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

As they sung, it almost seemed as if the sea felt the influence of the gentle strain and grew smoother, and the waves murmured more softly before the prow that divided them.

I once heard a distinguished literary gentleman instance the following couplet from one of Watts's hymns, as conveying to the mind images which could only occur to a poet of no common genius:—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

I was able to match them, or nearly so, with a stanza from his version of the One hundred and twenty-first Psalm:—

"No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far."

How pathetic is this expostulation in the One hundred and second Psalm:—

"Spare us, O Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon!
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?"

How magnificently is the One hundredth Psalm versified, closing with this grand stanza!

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

I might refer to many other examples of like excellence in these poems; but I will mention only one more, the charming little funeral hymn, the eighteenth of the first book, beginning thus:—

"Hear what a voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead.
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed."

"They die in Jesus and are blest," etc.

I know very well that poetry of a very moderate degree of merit not unfrequently obtains great popularity on account of its religious character; but I do not recollect an instance in which it has held that popularity long. The devotional verses of Watts have stood the test of time, and it seemed to me due to him that some of the characteristic merits by which they are recommended to the general mind should be pointed out.

MARCH 17th, 1864.

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.—Two things are most notable in the Coliseum,—the awful desolation of the present, and the ease with which you realize the past. Standing in the grass-grown arena, which the bright morning sun had coaxed into a melancholy smile, there came before me, with a vivid and fearful distinctness, the whole scene as it was on some great festal day,—the myriads that lined the mighty walls, a flashing and palpitating multitude, tier above tier, far up into the deep blue sky; and about me, where I stood, the rush of chariot wheels, the gleaming swords, the dust, the smoke, the blood, the terrible spring of the lion— I could stand it no longer, and turned to leave the place. This was what I saw in imagination. What I saw in reality was a few haggard-looking figures moving slowly from one to the other of a few stone shrines ranged round the arena, and kissing them with muttered prayer. It seems that by a sufficient number of such gyrations you may escape the consequences of almost any amount of sin. These are

the only gladiators—these the only games—exhibited there now. Spectators still look down upon them from the vast amphitheatre, in multitudes countless as of old; but the multitudes are the creeping plants and waving trees and tangled masses of mournful vegetation, which feed and flourish on its decay.—*Macmillan's Magazine for April.*

MR. BANTING'S pamphlet on "Corpulency" is as much in demand as ever. About ten thousand copies have now been sold by the publishers. Booksellers in the neighborhood of Pall-Mall and Piccadilly, where the brochure is issued, say that never before do they remember so many well-fed persons visiting their shops. The entire scheme, as given by Mr. Banting, for the reducing of obese persons to moderate proportions, is about (so it is said) to be given in a little drama at one of our metropolitan theatres.—*London Review.*

AN INVITATION.

"Sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is lovely."

WHERE is that little brown-eyed fay
That sometimes dances through my door,
And hastes her blushing cheek to lay
On mine, and kisses o'er and o'er
The lips that ne'er forgot to bless
With love's unmeasured tenderness?

I seem to see those twinkling feet
Glide past me in my silent room;
I seem to hear those accents sweet
That banish every note of gloom:
Those curls thrown back from ample brow,
And large dark eyes—I see them now.

But when the form so soft, so fair,
I fain would gather to my breast,
And guard its childish beauty there
From all earth's shadows and unrest,
I wake from the fond wish to miss
Her voice, her smile, her grateful kiss.

God keep thee tenderly and safe,
Thou bud of beauty and of grace!
Thou seem'st some sparkling, wandering waif,
Cast earthward to our fond embrace!
Come, fairy, to my silent room,
And fill its void with song and bloom!

H. J. L.

April, 1864.

—*Transcript.*

LONGEST AND SHORTEST.

THE sweet west wind is flying
Over the purple sea,
And the amber daylight dying
On roadway, hill, and tree;
The cattle-bells are ringing
Among the slanting downs,
And the children's voices flinging
Glad echoes through the towns.
"O summer day! so soon away!"
The happy-hearted sigh and say—
"Sweet is thy light, and sad thy flight,
And sad the words, "Good-night! Good-night!"

The wan white clouds are trailing
Low o'er the level plain;
And the wind brings, with its wailing,
The chill of the coming rain.
Fringed by the faded heather,
Wide pools of water lie;
And birds and leaves together
Whirl through the evening sky.

"Haste thee away, O winter day!"
The weary-hearted weep and say—
"Sad is thy light and slow thy flight,
Sweet are the words, "Good-night! Good-night!"

—*Sonnets and other Poems. By E. H. W.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

BLESSING and loss! too often hand in hand
Ye come; yet 'tis a boon to know our hold
Once clasped the prize, fled ere its worth was
told.

But thy dim presence who can understand,
Thou Being with no attribute? Not grand,
As Sorrow in bereavement, nor yet bold,
As Anguish in enlurance; only cold
As the white ocean mist hiding a land
Our feet have never trod, whose hills arose
Beauteous between the glowing tranquil line
Of dawning light and the tumultuous sea.
Oh, Disappointment, in the cup of woes,
Wert thou, too, mingled for the lips divine
Of Him who tasted all man's misery?

II.

His eye in sorrow on the rich man fell,
Whose youthful soul a land of promise lay
One moment 'neath His gaze, lit by a ray
Of sudden light, till back with double spell
The shadow of the world returned to quell
Its glorifying influence. Who shall say
How high a seat was forfeited that day
In heavenly places? Sadder than a knell
Heard on the summer air, his passing feet,
Passing from life to death, smote on the heart,
Whose love divine no answering love had found;
So when our brightest hopes have known defeat,
Our choicest gifts have met rejection's dart,
We have learnt somewhat of His keenest wound.

—*Sonnets and other Poems. By E. H. W.*

BEGINNING TO WALK.

He's not got his sea-legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't yet versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave:
One voyage, though it's short, is sufficient,
When our ports are the Cradle and Grave.
—*Chambers's Journal.*